

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## SMOKELESS POWDER IN WAR.

IT was predicted, and with good reason, that the introduction of smokeless powder would have an appreciable effect upon modern warfare. Although the principles of military tactics must remain always much the same, the use of firearms at greatly extended ranges which give no sign of their exact location cannot but affect all movements for attack. On the whole the defence will benefit most by the invention, as it has, indeed, generally done by the improvement in weapons of war. When using smokeless powder a defender's batteries long remain concealed; at the same time they can keep up a more continuous and more rapid fire than when their front is obscured by the old-fashioned curtain of thick, often impenetrable, smoke; they will for the same reason be able to aim with greater precision and, consequently, do more execution. These advantages are, of course, enjoyed by the assailants also, but in a lesser degree. Necessarily the guns on the move on both sides will be more exposed to view when there is no smoke, while large bodies of infantry advancing to the attack across open country must also be more distinctly espied. This must give strength to the defence if the ground affords but little cover. On the other hand, marksmen and small parties in broken order can approach nearer and nearer, where cover is to be got, without betraying their presence at every point.

As regards cavalry the advantages and disadvantages are pretty evenly balanced. Bodies of horse will be no longer able to effect surprises under cover of the pall of smoke. Nor when reconnoitring can the scouts creep forward without constantly dismounting to seek shelter. But cavalry leaders will gain by the freedom from smoke, especially where the field is extensive, by being able to closely observe and estimate the progress of the fight. Nothing much will be hidden from them, and they will thus be enabled to co-operate opportunely with the other arms so as to carry effective aid where it is most required.

Infantry on the defensive has gained in many ways. The outposts do not reveal their presence when called upon to give the alarm by firing on the advancing foe. The first line of defence again does not expose its position in the initial of the critical stages of the attack, but the latter, being always visible, must soon betray its true direction, both as it is undertaken at the outset, or modified as the fight proceeds. The assailants, supports, and reserves posted further to the rear are also in full view, and may often suffer severely from the fire they will, naturally, attract.

Infantry attacking will probably benefit by being able to concert movements more accurately. The fighting line will be better supported by artillery, and will, when it comes within rifle range, be able to fire with greater accuracy and speed. "Fire discipline" will be more effective, a gain to both sides, but most to the attack, and the skirmishers should be more under the control of their officers. The assailants suffer proportionately, in the manner stated above, by the almost unavoidable exposure of their supports and reserves at an early stage; cover for the advance becomes more and more essential; the formation of open order may have to be practised sooner in the fight; and there is last of all the ever present fear of a loss of morale by the men not knowing where the bullets come from.

Briefly summarised, the advantages and disadvantages of smokeless powder may be said to consist in the greater visibility of troops when in motion and their increased invisibility when halted; the value of cover has gained in importance; reconnoitring has been impeded; there is no longer the welcome screen of smoke-fog when preparing to advance and actually advancing, nor yet again when in retreat. The preparations for conflict will be prolonged, but when once assailants join issue the fate of the day will be more quickly decided. There will be a much greater expenditure of ammunition on both sides. It has been thought that machine-guns will be in a measure saved from destruction from more powerful artillery, and their usefulness thus enhanced, by the use of smokeless powder. Field artillery of larger calibre cannot, however, hope to entirely escape observation when once in action, the mere "Cease fire" will betray it; still more will the change of position. Besides these modifications in tactics it becomes essential to avoid the betrayal that must follow the glitter of arms, steel or burnished helmets, so we may look for changes in arms and accoutrements.

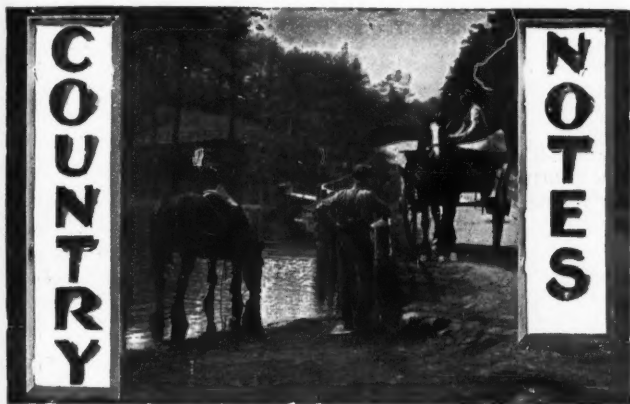
Afloat the advantages gained by the use of smokeless powder will be even more strongly marked. Ships in action became at times hopelessly obscured by the volumes of smoke that always followed the discharge of broadsides. An enemy when shaken by fire and on the verge of surrender may escape complete disaster by drifting away when out of sight. Thus vital moments are wasted, and the decisive end of an engagement



that was nearly certain is lost because effective fire could not be exactly and continuously maintained.

Another military advantage in the use of smokeless powder is that cartridges made up with it are lighter in weight and smaller in bulk than those of the old-fashioned black gunpowder. The .303 cartridge contains only 31 grains of cordite, while that of the Martini-Henry contains 85 of black powder. This is of no little importance to the infantry soldier who has to carry ninety rounds of ammunition on his person for days and days on the line of march or in the presence of the enemy.

One great drawback to the cordite smokeless powder is the danger of fouling in the barrel after explosion. This has been found most difficult—nay, impossible—to clear if the necessary cleaning is delayed for a few hours. This has been found a serious objection by our soldiers in the field. Another objection to all smokeless powder is the seemingly inevitable erosion of the surface of the bore which affects all small calibre rifles. It is said that less than a hundred rounds will make serious damage in the Lee-Metford barrel, while several hundreds will injure it so seriously that real accuracy cannot be counted upon thereafter. These are defects that must not be overlooked when estimating the value of smokeless powder in warfare.



**F**AR the most interesting piece of news which has been published in connection with the war during the week is General Joubert's letter written to that convenient impersonality, "a correspondent," before the war began. It is one of those weapons which not only cuts both ways, but in many directions at the same time. For one thing, it disposes once and for all of the argument of the pro-Boer Press, now grown beautifully small in this country, that the war was forced on the South African Republic. It makes it clear that the Boers meant it, and had determined upon it long ago. For another thing it shows that the Boers made their preparations in the most "slim" and cunning manner. Finally, it exposes the "intelligence" of our Intelligence Department in a rather ridiculous light. Our investigators, it seems, went prying in the most frank and candid manner. The Boers offered them facilities to see everything; in fact, they showed them over. But they showed them, not the new guns, but the old, and our investigators were satisfied. An Intelligence department of that kind is, to be blunt, of no sort of use, and a mere waste of money.

Heavy losses notwithstanding, the war, which occupies the thoughts of all of us, in spite of ourselves, is going on, up to the moment of writing, as well as can be expected. Lord Methuen in particular is to be congratulated on having extracted an almost unprecedented amount of fighting and marching combined out of his men within a limited period. But one thing we must take leave to say. Lord Methuen has proved very conclusively that he is a most indifferent war correspondent. To begin with, he ended off one message so as to leave us in anxious doubt whether his Lancers had not suffered the fate of the Gloucesters and the other regiment that was taken at the same time. Then, in his next message, he entirely omitted to observe that the Lancers had come back quite safe and sound; and it was only by inference that this piece of welcome news was gathered.

Then Lord Methuen's first despatch about the Modder River fight was, we regret to be compelled to say, of far too alarmist a description. Nobody can regret more than ourselves the long list of casualties which was published early in the week. Yet at the same time it was an infinite relief to us, for after Lord Methuen's message it was quite natural to expect something very much worse. Moreover, it is hardly to be doubted that, if that message had been submitted by an ordinary war correspondent, it would certainly have been suppressed, by the Press Censor, as tending to encourage the enemy far more than a full statement of the facts.

Having said thus much, be it admitted that Lord Methuen, whose flesh wound does not appear to amount to much, is simply a pattern soldier. Tall, of slight but very wiry make, "lean in the flank" as one of Ouida's own heroes, he has keen intelligence of mind and tireless energy. The veteran Major Griffiths has repeated in public lately the saying uttered in the days when Methuen commanded the Guards. It took the form of a riddle. "Why are the Guards like the early Christians?" "Because Paul"—that is Lord Methuen's Christian name—"persecuteth them daily." And so, for their good, he did. He was an ardent bicyclist. One used to see him tearing down Sloane Street in the early morning, and it was no uncommon event for him to pay surprise visits at Wellington, Chelsea, and Windsor Barracks on a summer morning before breakfast. But he loves his Guards, and his Guards love him, and the proof of it is the manner in which they follow him.

The opinion grows in strength that the Press Censorship in South Africa is unduly and unnecessarily severe. As Sir Henry Howorth and others have pointed out, it would be quite possible for the very competent correspondents who represent the leading journals to give glowing accounts of deeds of "derring do" without saying anything which could be of the smallest service to the Boers. Moreover, such accounts do a world of good by stirring up the military ardour of the race at a time when military ardour is likely to be useful. Accounts of a war which consist solely of exaggerated statements, of the butcher's bill, and of descriptions which leave it uncertain which side of a river a battle ended, are really worse than useless.

If there were no Censor at all—not that we would advocate that—the vast majority of the correspondents in the Transvaal might be trusted to say nothing indiscreet. Foremost amongst them, in point of experience, we would place Mr. Bennet Burleigh of the *Daily Telegraph* and Mr. H. H. S. Pearce of the *Daily News*, both of whom have seen a great deal of service in many climates and continents. Then that brave and charming man, Mr. Knight of the *Morning Post*, with whom all sympathise over the loss of his good right arm, is as discreet as a man as he is keen as a soldier. Of his colleague, Mr. Winston Churchill, perhaps one can hardly say so much. He appears to forget that the main business of a correspondent is to correspond. Of the *Times* correspondents, Colonel Frank Rhodes is a shrewd soldier, who is never likely to try to say too much, and Mr. Lionel James is a hard-headed and adventurous young man, who knows too much about warfare and has had too much experience ever to be scatter-brained. Certainly a little more liberty might safely be given to these gentlemen without the slightest danger; in fact, there is not one of them who is not a safer and less alarmist correspondent than Lord Methuen.

Mr. Knight, too, is a very brave and strong man, who has gone through many adventures by sea and land. He has fought as a soldier on more than one field; he has actually in the course of the nineteenth century organised a *bona fide* treasure-hunting voyage; he has travelled in those dangerous parts "Where Three Empires Meet"; and he has written a most interesting book under that title. His adventures off the Coast of Cuba and on that island during the Spanish-American War are fresh in memory. In a word, he is, as a man, the living embodiment of courage and energy. That he should lose an arm is indeed cruel.

It is of interest to ask what tangible effect the war is producing on agriculture, and all the more so because conditions have altered so greatly since our battalions last took the field against a civilised foe. As far as prices go, the answer is none whatever. Sea traffic is not disturbed, and there is no interference with foreign supplies. Our soldiers are not fed on home produce, so that there is no extraordinary demand. Most of the tinned goods of the commissariat come from abroad. So does the material for bread. It thus happens that neither from an enlarged market nor from an increase of prices does the British farmer receive any direct benefit—a remarkable change from what used to occur when our forefathers "fit the French" and "cud Boney" was the talk of the ale-house.

In another way things have greatly altered. The soldiers of King George were largely drawn from the plough, and the beribboned recruiting sergeant with his tempting shilling was a familiar figure in village and market town, carrying off to the wars many a love-lorn swain and idle ne'er-do-weel to be presently transformed into British infantry. But the soldiers of the Queen come mostly from town, and even the calling out of the Reserves has not had much effect on the farms. On the farm staff, therefore, the war has produced no effect worth mentioning. The Rural Exodus has not in late years swelled the Army to anything like the extent it used to.

Perhaps the most direct effect has been produced by the demand for horses. Rearing them has formed a lucrative

business all through the depression. Some forms of it have died out, such as the breeding of the once famous Yorkshire coach-horses, but others have come in. Quite a number of great landlords have been at pains to find thorough-bred or Arab sires to match with the fairly good mares possessed by their tenants. In consequence it is quite common, particularly in Nottinghamshire, to find really good half-bred horses on the farm, fit either for saddle or harness, the very thing for cavalry. One officer bought three from a farmer of our acquaintance, but, alas! we learn from him that after the terrible march from Dundee to Ladysmith he was left horseless.

We cordially congratulate one of our most valued contributors on the attaining of his eightieth birthday. For it was only a few days ago that the venerable Dean of Rochester became an octogenarian. To the man in the street Dean Hole is perhaps known best as one of the finest preachers in the Church, one of the best after-dinner orators in London, and the author of two most charming volumes of memories. He is also, however, one of our greatest authorities on roses. The culture of the queen of flowers is his special hobby, and his "Book about Roses," which was one of the first of his numerous works, is now in its fifteenth edition. "Our Garden," which, as our readers will remember, was issued early this year, has already reached its fifth thousand. The Dean is hale and hearty, and his great age has told but very lightly on him. In fact, it is rumoured that we may hope for a third volume of his most charming memories. Oxford may well be proud of the courtly, scholarly, and genial ecclesiastic who passed from Brasenose to his first curacy some five-and-forty years ago.

The Oxford undergraduates do not seem to be very fleet across a country. In the last cross-country race between teams representing the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge all the Cambridge team, five in number, finished in advance of all the Oxford team, a result that is really surprising. It is true that this cross-country racing has never been a popular branch of athletics at Oxford, but neither, as we understand, has it ever had any great vogue at Cambridge. The results of the last race between the two, which started from the Thames Hare and Hounds Club rooms at the top of Putney Heath, are scarcely likely to bring it into general favour at Oxford, unless the losing side be stung into a fierce zeal for revenge.

No doubt it is a good thing from many points of view that the trial eights at Oxford and Cambridge should be rowed on the same day. It keeps up the excitement, for until one man has seen the material on which both Universities have to work any kind of comparison is really impossible; and, as for time tests in rowing, they are the most delusive things in the world. Meanwhile the practice of stating the public schools at which the various members of the competing crews were educated affords some useful material for observation. First it is to be noted that Eton has sent four first-rate wet bobs to Cambridge as against three to Oxford. Next it is to be observed that quite an unusual number of men in the trials hail from schools at which there is no river or, as at Winchester, next to no river. This may, perhaps, be in some measure a reversion to old principles, and in this connection the writer of this note may be permitted to recall impersonally his personal experience.

Arriving "At Oxford a Freshman so modest," to quote the old song, he was honoured by the captain of the Boat Club with an invitation to take to the river. He remarked modestly that he was no oarsman. The reply was "so much the better; you will have the less to unlearn." Personally, like the monk in "Hypatia," he soon discovered that "of rowing, as of other carnal pleasures, cometh satiety at the last"; but it was certainly true that in those days, which were the very earliest days of the sliding seats, the coaches preferred to have quite raw material to work upon. From it sometimes, particularly in the case of that famous oar Marryatt of Winchester, who rowed with Edwardes-Moss, they produced splendid results. Style, in fact, went before watermanship in those days. Now rowing is, by reason of sliding seats, far uglier to look at, but watermanship counts for ever so much more than style.

The committee at Lord's give a pointed testimony to the popularity, even a growing popularity, of the Eton and Harrow match by the announcement that special privileges, that is to say, first chances, are to be given to members of buying seats for their friends in the grand stand. The public will perhaps howl at this, as it has howled before at the fact that members of Lord's think of themselves first and others after. We do not know that they are singular among clubs or other corporate bodies in so doing. Hitherto their answer to the howls of the public has always virtually been "Let the public howl," and in that tenor their answer probably will be again. In the meanwhile the fact that it is necessary to keep such a privilege for members argues the immense and rather singular interest taken

in the match between the two great schools. For it is not the best of cricket, no one supposes that, though no doubt it is the material out of which much of the best cricket will be made in a few years' time. The truth is, we presume, that we all take a delight in watching our young barbarians at play, and, besides, it is a pleasant picnic.

Surely popularity is a plant of curious growth. We should be the last in the world to deny to Mr. Rudyard Kipling his full right to the great popularity that he enjoys, but there is something almost more than explicable in the vogue of his poem of "The Absent-minded Beggar." To quote a country instance, by way of supplementing the evidence of recitals in theatres and music halls, we were lately passing down a main street of a country town and found a crowd assembled that nearly created an obstruction of the traffic. It was not that a horse had fallen, nor even that anybody had had a fit, but merely that a copy of "The Absent-minded Beggar" was posted up on a window, and that they were selling copies within, at a shilling a piece, for the War Fund. Later we passed the same window again, and still there was the same assembly of those who read and those who bought. Prodigious!

With the continuance of the mild weather Nature has allowed herself to be still further deluded into accepting it as a promise of immediate spring. The horse-chestnut is putting out its sticky buds, and the currant bushes in some of the cottage gardens are struggling to burst out in leaf. Shooting under these conditions has been wonderfully pleasant—a deal more enjoyable than under the usual samples of weather that December offers us. For all the pleasantness of it, it is just a little doubtful whether pheasants fly quite so well in this unseasonably mild weather, and it is very certain that they will not fly as well when they are driven against a glaring sun. The pheasant likes to see where he is going. There seem to be fewer woodcock than ever in the country. Perhaps they find that the last two summers of drought have stopped the sources of many of the springs that used to make marshy places for their bills to probe.



THE hundred and first exhibition of the Smithfield Club, which opened on Monday last, upon which day it was honoured by a visit from the Prince of Wales, most undoubtedly possessed the credit of being one of the very best shows of the sort that has ever been held. This possibly is a bold statement to make in the face of a reduced entry, but mere numerical strength is not everything, even in the case of fat beasts, and beyond all doubt there was quality enough amongst the competitors at this year's show to satisfy the most hypercritical connoisseur of stock. Premier honours, as anticipated in the report of Birmingham Show which appeared in these columns, were easily secured by Her Majesty's nameless Hereford steer by that good sire Ladas, but in addition to this quite exceptional beast, which is probably by far the best specimen of his breed that has ever appeared in the show-ring, there were several other animals, such as Mr. W. E. Learner's cross-bred heifer Let 'Em All Come, the same owner's shorthorn heifer Patience, the Earl of Strathmore's Aberdeen-Angus heifer Victoria of Glamis, Mr. Fletcher's cross-bred steer Sunray, and Mr. John Wortley's cross-bred steer Major, which were good enough to take the championship in five years out of six.

The remarkable successes of the Queen, too, following so quickly on the victories of the Royal herd at Norwich and Birmingham, were particularly gratifying to all sorts of visitors to the show, for Her Majesty exhibits no animals that she does not breed herself, and thereby gains the sympathy of every true lover of fair play. Four first prizes, two seconds, one third, the champion cup, the cup presented annually by the Queen for the best beast in the show, bred by its exhibitor, the cup for the best Devon, and that for the best Hereford exhibited were the principal prizes that fell to the share of the Windsor herd; whilst H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was successful in securing two firsts in Dexters, and one in Southdown sheep, the Duke of York's red-polled heifer, the only entry in her class, being placed reserve in the competition for the cup offered for the best of that very useful breed. Where all was excellent it may perhaps appear a little invidious if special reference is made to any particular classes, but still it is but rendering bare justice to the young Devon steers, in which every animal got a card from the judge; to all the Herefords; to the two classes for Welsh steers, both of which were commended *en bloc*; to the Highland steers;



and to the cross-breds, to assert that few better collections of their respective breeds have ever been seen in London.

The principal prize competed for in the sheep section was the Prince of Wales's Cup, which is offered by His Royal Highness for the best pen of sheep in the show, bred by their exhibitor, this honour being bestowed upon the Earl of Ellesmere's fine trio of Suffolks, the champions of the short-woolled section, after a good fight with Mr. McDowall's superb pen of Highland sheep, the champions of the long-woolled breeds. This is the first occasion upon which Highland sheep have won a champion prize at the Cattle Show, and it speaks volumes for the patience and energy of their breeder that he should have persisted in what was generally believed to be an impossible uphill fight for so long, and consequently his success was received with satisfaction on all sides. In pigs, the Duke of York's Cup for the best pen exhibited by their breeder was awarded to Mr. A. Hiscock for a couple of cross-bred Large White Yorkshire-Berkshires, next to which came a couple of neat blacks exhibited by Mr. Nathaniel Benjafield, of Shaftesbury.

The attractions of the Cattle Show do not, however, entirely depend upon the live stock which compete thereat, as the galleries and subsidiary halls are full of inanimate articles which interest the agricultural mind. It would be impossible to enumerate one-hundredth part of these, but at the same time the merits of the stock on view as supplied by Messrs. Sutton, the Queen's seedsmen, of Reading, demand recognition. The name of Messrs. Sutton has been for so long a time synonymous with all that is excellent in their particular line, and the specimens of mangolds, swedes, and turnips as supplied to Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, and other leading agriculturists were of such enormous proportions, and the grass seeds were so new to many, that large crowds were attracted to their stand throughout the show. A prominent feature of the Berners Gallery, also, was the stand of Mr. William Colchester of Ipswich, amongst his exhibits being three winning samples in the second annual Gold Cup Barley Competition, which affords proof positive of the merit of the chemical fertilisers sent out by this firm.

## Covert Shooting at Sandringham.

SINCE the German Emperor is—like his uncle, the Prince of Wales, and his cousin, the Duke of York—a keen game shot, there is probably no part of his recent and welcome visit to this country to which he will look back with greater interest than to his first-rate day at Sandringham, on the last day of his sojourn amongst us. Statements concerning the amount of the bag, which may or may not be accurate, have been published in various quarters, but inasmuch as these

shooting party will arrive punctually, there is no reason why the partridges should not be driven over their heads a few minutes after they are on the ground. This, of course, presupposes a country suitable for driving. Where it is possible, the advantages are of the most obvious description. Elsewhere than at Sandringham a good many men are apt to be off colour in the earlier part of the day. The long wait which must necessarily be endured before the pheasants begin to come



J. Thomson,

THE SANDRINGHAM SHOOTING PARTY,

70a, Grosvenor Street, W.

statements were made in opposition to the express wishes of the Prince of Wales, we shall certainly not repeat them. The material thing is that the Kaiser had a thoroughly good day's shooting in the best of shooting company. The venue was Wolferton Wood, which lies on the right hand of the main road leading from Dersingham to King's Lynn, and may be regarded as the cream of the Prince of Wales's shooting. This year it was shot earlier than usual, for the regular day for shooting it would have been December 1st, the Princess of Wales's birthday, and, oddly enough, the day on which these lines are being written. The wood itself is an extensive tract of larch, oak, fir, and birch, with good undergrowth and well divided by rides. Near it, too, are some patches of cultivated land, so that the Imperial and Royal sportsmen were able to begin the day with a partridge drive. There could be no pleasanter way of introducing the Kaiser to a typical day of Norfolk sport than to provide him with that essentially characteristic entertainment of Norfolk, a drive of partridges. Properly arranged, this idea is capable of being borrowed on other manors, for, given the assurance that the

over is often trying, and a few shots at driven partridges right off the reel must serve to get eye and hand in, and to steady the nerves. Nothing more need be said of Wolferton Wood, save that it lies about on the verge between the slopes that rise to breezy Sandringham, themselves clad with heather and bracken and stray trees, and the flats which border the Wash. Hence comes it that it is just the place in which one would expect to find woodcock, and, in fact, the Kaiser and others checked the twisting flight of a good many of these beloved birds. The artist to whom we are indebted for these excellent photographs has been exceptionally happy in his efforts. His first group represents the party who took luncheon in a marquee erected on the outskirts of the wood. All will recognise in it the graceful figure of the Princess of Wales and the bent head of the venerable Duke of Cambridge, the Emperor standing close to the Duchess of York, the Empress in front, with the Prince of Wales immediately behind her, and on the left side of the picture Princess Victoria of Wales and Princess Charles of Denmark. Amongst others who go to make that



J. Thomson,

## THE FORENOON BAG.

70a, Grosvenor Street, W.

brilliant group are Count von Bulow, sportsman as well as statesman, Count zu Eulenburg, the beautiful Fraulein Gersdorff (who was described as tripping about the gloomy corridors of Windsor and singing like a lark), Lady Mary Lygon, General A. Williams, Sir C. Cust, and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. After luncheon, shooting went on merrily, and we do not think it will be an infringement of the wishes of the Prince of Wales to mention that at the last big rise the Emperor brought down over eighty birds, and the Duke of York more than ninety, and that is tall shooting with a vengeance. The last picture shows the Emperor looking down upon the ordered rows of the slain, and the Duke of Cambridge walking away in the centre. At the Emperor's feet, if we mistake not, are the woodcocks, and the head-keeper showing one of them. Or it may be they are partridges, and the Kaiser may be looking at the difference between the French and English birds. Note that the loader carries two guns and the Emperor one. It was evidently a day on which a sportsman would find three guns none too many, and the memory of it, we venture to guess, will remain with him for many a long day.



**A**PART from politics the *Nineteenth Century* for December contains some very interesting and readable articles, in some of which the standpoint is quite literary. Into this last category comes a highly appreciative critique by Mr. Sidney Colvin on Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Tragedy of Paolo and Francesca," which, spurred by Mr. Colvin, I propose to read at once, principally because of the following passage, which shows that Mr. Colvin's praise is thoughtful and not unrestrained. "The fine audacity which Mr. Phillips has shown in attempting the highest and the hardest, has needed truly, it has been obvious, to be attended by a much more continual and effectual vigilance of self-criticism. It would be an ill kindness to refrain, in any estimate of his poetry, from insisting on such need. But at any rate he has left the intelligent reader no chance of being mistaken in the quality of his work. Where vision fails or inspiration flags his writing instantly betrays him. He has not, like so many lesser men, the art and training to drape his failures with a deceptive tissue of style; he has no plausible, well-woven semblance of poetry to offer us where the true soul of poetry is wanting. Strictly according to the strength and felicity of his conception is the power and harmony of his poetical expression. His verse at its best, especially his blank verse, carries a full volume of imaginative meaning, moves with a large, masculine, unmannered majesty of gait, a rich variety of pause and cadence, sustained and inspired essentially, like the verse of all genuine masters, from within.

"It has been further a hopeful sign of future achievement on the part of this young writer, that the prime interest of his work is with humanity. If he

retells the old Greek myths of Marpessa or of Endymion, it is to read new and human meanings into them—meanings, in the former case, possibly somewhat more human and more familiar than the story can well bear; but yet these must surely count as two of the most beautiful of modern English poems. Of more uneven tissue, part failure and part success, are the pieces in which Mr. Phillips has endeavoured to turn into poetry signs and scenes of everyday excitement or casual tragedy among the crowded humanity of London streets. But so far, the sense of humanity expressed in his work had scarce been dramatic. Rather he has shown that he can interpret vividly the impression of a life history stamped on the imagination by a passing face in a crowd; that he can express beautifully a diffused and brooding sense of the mysterious sympathies and affinities which enrich the life of the individual soul, of the manner in which any passing moment of high experience seems pregnant with all the weight and significance of a past world and of a future; and few poets have written better of the efficacy of pain and sorrow in awakening the sense of life's beauty and meaning. But of the play of action and passion, the energies of character as developed in the clash of circumstance—in a word, of drama—Mr. Phillips had given us scarcely a touch."

That amusing and clever writer, Mr. E. F. Benson, too, favours us with his more or less paradoxical views on the ethics of plagiarism, which may be summed up in the rule that the only unpardonable literary theft is that which is unintelligent. But the really striking article to my mind is a diary by Sir Wemyss Reid, entitled "The Newspapers." During the month of November, or the greater part of it, Sir Wemyss Reid was at sea, or touching at various Mediterranean ports. So he and the ship's company who were with him got their news of the great events of this time of storm and stress in intermittent doses, and enjoyed a good many opportunities of seeing how that news was received abroad. The result is one of the most interesting articles that has been written for a long time.

The volumes of Mrs. Ritchie's biographical Thackeray as they came out were noticed in this column rather than reviewed. The same course will be pursued even more suitably in relation to the edition of the lives and works of the Brontës, with which Messrs. Smith, Elder are enriching our libraries this winter. The second volume, with Mrs. Humphry Ward's critical introduction, is now before me, and I frankly confess that I like it very much. In critical ability, indeed, Mrs. Ward seems, at least, to approach her kin-man, Matthew Arnold, who was the prince of critics. Here is a discriminating passage which serves to justify my observation: "There can be no question, however, that 'Shirley,' from a literary point of view, suffered seriously from the tension and distraction of mind amid which it was composed. It has neither the unity, the agreeable old-fashioned unity of 'Jane Eyre,' nor, as a whole, the passionate truth of 'Villette.' In the very centre of the book the story suddenly gives way. The love-story of Robert and Caroline has somehow to be delayed, and one divines that the writer—for whom life has temporarily made impossible that fiery concentration of soul in which a year or two later she wrote 'Villette'—hesitates as to the love-story of Shirley and Louis. She does not see her way; she gropes a little; and that angel of imagination to which she pays so many a glowing tribute in the course of her work, seems to droop its wing beside her and move listlessly through two or three chapters, which do little more than 'mark time' till the angel returns. These are the chapters headed, 'Shirley Seeks to be Saved by Works,' 'Whitsuntide,' 'The School Feast.' They are really scene-shifting chapters while the new act is preparing, and the interval is long and the machinery a little clumsy. 'Villette' also passes from one motive to another; from Lucy's first love for Graham Bretton to her second love for Paul Emanuel. But in 'Villette' the transition is made with admirable swiftness. As Graham Bretton recedes, *pari passu*, Paul Emanuel advances. The two themes are interwoven; the book never ceases to be an organism; there is no faltering in the writer, no uncertainty in the touch. Invention full and warm flows through it in a never-slackening tide; there are few or none of the cold and superfluous passages that disfigure the middle region of 'Shirley.'"



The mention of Mrs. Humphry Ward reminds me of the great publishers, Messrs. Harper Brothers, with whom she has had dealings of late, and of their difficulties. We are told that rumour about their affairs has been exaggerated, that the assets will in due time more than cover the debts, and so forth. But all the same there has had to be assignment and reorganisation, and this is a pity. So is the cause of it. Messrs. Harpers were always a firm who did things handsomely, and their magazine was always excellent. Their trouble comes from the undercutting of prices by ten cent magazines and the like, and everybody who has ever had dealings with Messrs. Harpers will extend the hand of sympathy.

Prince Kropotkin's memoirs of a Revolutionist is obviously a book of remarkably interesting character. His portrait, reproduced in the *Academy*, shows a face of extraordinary power. His description of his life as a page in the Imperial Court, in his father's house, in prison, and so forth must be entrancing. I therefore put it first among

Books to order from the library:—

"Memoirs of a Revolutionist." Prince Kropotkin. (Smith, Elder.)

"Via Crucis." F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)

"She Walks in Beauty." K. Tynan. (Smith, Elder.)

"One Year." Dorothea Gerard. (Blackwood.)

"Sir Patrick the Puddock." L. B. Walford. (Pearson.)

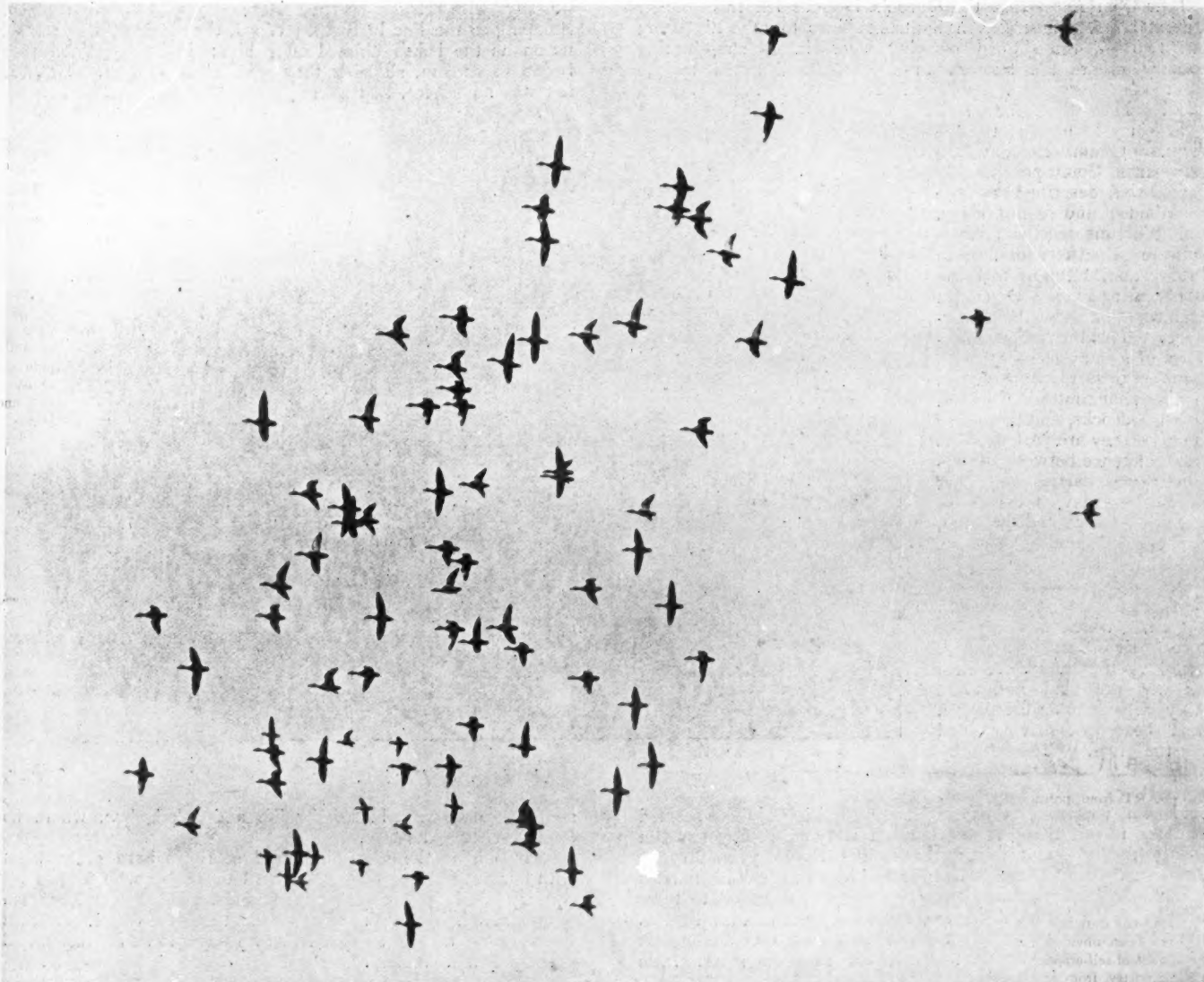
"Vengeance is Mine." Andrew Balfour. (Methuen.) LOOKER-ON.

## Duck Shooting Extraordinary.

GR<sup>EAT</sup> as are the strides which have been made by photography of late, and limitless as the ingenuity of the sun artist appears to be, we frankly confess that we have seen nothing to touch the picture of a flight of mixed wild ducks which is here reproduced. As in relation to certain advertisements it is said that by staring at them you will see letters where no letters are, so, gazing at this picture steadfastly, one may hear the rustle of wings, the low hissing sound as the

## O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

THE Duke of Beaufort's country has always been famous for the soldiers it has produced, and by a coincidence has twice provided a commander in the Household Cavalry on active service. In 1815 Lord Edward Somerset, a son of the fifth Duke, was brigadier of the three regiments at Waterloo, and now in 1899 Colonel Neeld, a younger brother of Sir John Neeld, whose coverts at Grittleton are well known to all followers of the Badminton, is to lead the combined squadrons of Life Guards and Blues against the Boers. But this is not all, for Lord Methuen's place at Corsham is also in the country, and its coverts a well-known draw. Colonel Calley, who is second in command of the Household Regiment, is also well known in Wilts. On Tuesday the Duke was at Codrington Village, in the Vale of Sodbury, and within a ride of Bath. The keeper knew of a fox in a tree. It was a sight to see the big dog pack tearing away close to their fox, but a sight which very soon was lost by many of us, for horses had little chance to live with hounds. As it was, the fox was bound to turn or die, and turn he did near the place of meeting, and gained enough advantage to bring hounds to hunting. Yet was he a good stout fox, and knew his country, for he saved his brush at last, as he deserved to do. In the afternoon scent was not so good, but hounds hunted steadily and well almost up to Badminton, when it was time to hark back to Bath. On the same day the Cottesmore were at Owston. I was glad not to be there for once, for the last time I spoke to the gallant and regretted Pole-Carew was in the covert, and the last I saw of him was when he had piloted me to the right side of the covert for a start and disappeared over the fence which leads into the open from Little Owston Covert. Owston Wood



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A FLIGHT OF WILD DUCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

flock rushes through the air, the croak of the mallard, the quack of the ducks, the whistle of the teal which, as Millais used to say, "at heaven's gate sings." It is simply magnificent, and it was all done by a clever man holding his camera perpendicularly above his head. After this we confidently expect this kind of shooting to become popular, and it has a rare merit—it does not hurt the birds in the least.

foxes are always stout, and they are always good. It is only when there is no scent that they dodge about. They tell me that hounds began to run hard at once. Gillson got away with the whole pack on the village side of the woods. From my knowledge of the country over which they ran I should say that had I wanted to show a stranger the best kind of Leicestershire hunt I could hardly have arranged otherwise—from Owston



Photo.

## A SURE FIND.

Copyright

to Somerby by Pickwell and Burrough Hill to ground at Adam's Gorse. Good scenting ground and a capital line to ride, if we have the best of a good stable under us. I am rather glad to hear from Ascot that the Queen's Hounds left their outlier still at large. Naturally, a huntsman likes to take his deer; but two or three good outlying deer in a stag-hunting country where the farmers are friendly add much to the sport of the season, as Lord Ribblesdale hints in his book. Next time they look for him I hope to be there. On Wednesday the stag, somewhat inappropriately named Not-out, gave the hounds three very fast rings, and at last crossed the Thames to the Bucks shore. On Friday an invitation to bring a horse and stay the night enabled me to see the Atherstone. This recalled recollections of a season spent with them a good many years ago, in the very first year of Mr. Oakeley's long and famous Mastership. Mr. Oakeley was out, and Mr. Inge, another ex-Master, was in command, Mr. Gerald Harding being away. Lord and Lady Denbigh, Count de Madre, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Charles Beatty were among the field. The Cotton House plantations produced a feeble fox, which was killed at once. Brownsover was not called upon in vain. A bold fox was at home, and went away with hounds carrying a good head and driving hard on the line. The Rugby country of the Atherstone generally carries a good scent, but is stiffly fenced, and the most uncompromising of these seemed to come in our line. It was barely twenty minutes, yet such a twenty minutes, and to ground in the Pytchley country at Calthorpe. Lord Denbigh had the bad luck to break his horse's neck, though perhaps he may be considered lucky to have escaped from a nasty fall with no more injury than a few bruises and a severe shaking. The horse appeared to turn a complete somersault. This accident spoilt for some a smart little gallop.

On Wednesday Lord Southampton was at Boughton Hall. The coverts here belong to the Duke of Buccleugh and are full of foxes. The rides, too, are well cared for, and huntsman and field can get about with hounds, making this a favourite country with those who love woodland hunting. It is convenient too for the Kettering sportsmen and sportswomen, for the Woodland Pytchley is a favourite hunt with ladies. From the very first sport began, and, though not remarkable in itself, revealed a good supply of foxes. But a real old customer was waiting in Old Head Wood. This fox was

probably four or five years old, and had made the acquaintance of hounds in his youth. In four seasons' experience he had gained condition, and learned much of hunting from his point of view. Two principles were firmly established—to slip away quietly, and to take a turn round some covert so as to get a good start. For him a touch of the horn or even a clap of a gate was enough. So it was that he was gone without the field knowing, for hounds could only just track his winding course through the undergrowth. Only those who observed the great rule for hunting in a woodland country—never lose touch with hounds—were with them when they crossed to Grafton Wood; hounds spoke boldly here, and brought up a few stragglers, but the field that sat down to ride over the grass was a small one. Hounds flung

themselves out of the covert with the lightning quickness of a good bitch pack on a scent and with ecstatic screams (as they touched the line on the grass), which melted into silence as literally with heads up and sterns down they tore along. Stooping to the line in Snapes Wood, the music of the pack led us on as the ladies chimed after him; in Lady Wood they began to scream, showing they were close to him. But the fox was no novice, and having found the earths nearer home



Photo.

## A LONG DRAW.

Copyright

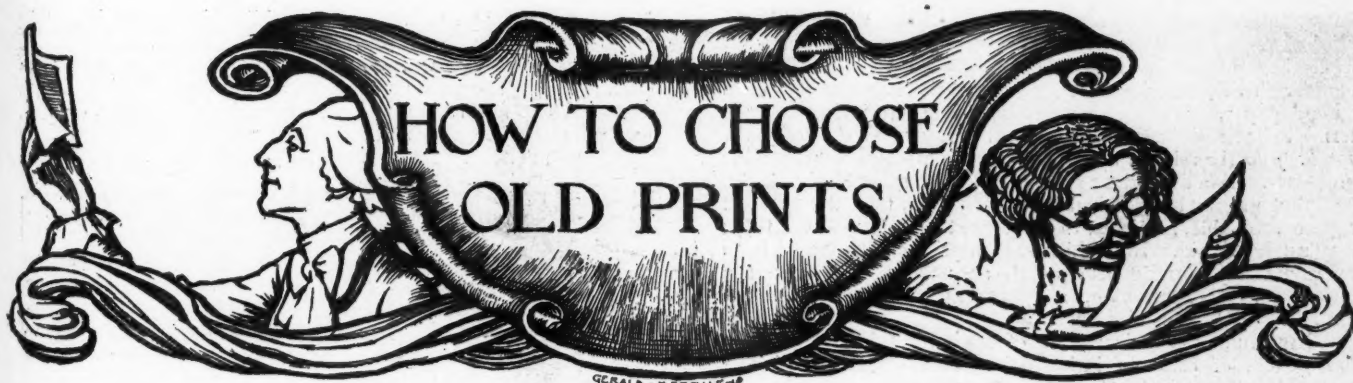
stopped, made a bold bid for life and Wadenhoe, where he found shelter and safety.

Two hours he was going, and at times hard pressed, yet with fair hunting an old fox in hard condition who knows his country well generally beats hounds. Lord Southampton handled his hounds beautifully—patient and yet quick. With a bitch pack you must be quick or they cease to be interested and get flighty and careless. X.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

MRS. STANLEY WILSON, whose portrait forms our frontispiece this week, is the wife of Mr. Stanley Wilson, eldest son of Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft. She is the daughter of the Honourable Lady Filmer and the late Sir Edmund Filmer, Bart., of East Sutton Park, in Kent.





## VIII.—COLOUR PRINTS, COLLECTORS' METHODS, HIGH-PRICED PRINTS.

FOR some few years engravings printed in colour have enjoyed an intense popularity, and have realised prices altogether disproportionate to their value. The result has been that the market has been flooded with fraudulent imitations and modern reprints. Of course there is no denying the fact that colour prints possess considerable attraction and are exceedingly useful for decorative purposes, but as legitimate specimens of a serious art they are unable to sustain a claim. The engraver, when engaged upon a plate, did not place his lines and dots, or arrange his lights and shadows, with a view to impressions being printed in a number of colours, but from first to last his interpretation of the original painting from which he worked—by means of lines, dots, lights and shadows—was so manipulated that when printed in monochrome the translation might as nearly as possible render in the one colour the tone values, effects, and meaning of the painting.

Prints in colour may be, and many of them are, brilliant examples of the printer's art, but it is very doubtful whether they enhance the art of the engraver. There will be many who will dissent from this view, but we would ask whether anyone ever saw an engraver's proof bearing upon it either the painter's or the engraver's instructions for colouring? If not, then must it not almost necessarily follow that the engraver performed his work for the purpose of having it printed in monochrome, and does not the colouring interfere with the engraver's scheme?

However, as colour prints, whether legitimately or not, attract the attention of the collector, we must offer one or two hints. It is surprising the number of amateurs who think colour prints are the result of some special kind of engraving, and therefore speak of "colour engraving." Let us at once dispel this misapprehension by saying that the colouring has no connection whatever with the engraver, but is simply the work

of the printer. A plate (copper or steel) may be printed in one colour—the general rule—or it may be printed in many.

To produce an impression in colours, the printer places the different coloured inks before him, and then, with dabbers, delicately applies the inks to the different portions of the plate, wiping the surface again as already explained in the previous article. This inking of the plate requires great care and considerable taste, and when it is finished the damp paper is placed over the plate, which is passed through the press in the usual manner. The reader who has followed the explanation of copper-plate printing already given, will know that in the impression the lines or dots will be in the various colours, while the spaces between them will be white. This is the crucial test for deciding whether an impression has been genuinely printed in colours or



From an Etching

By Rembrandt

## REMBRANDT WITH THE SABRE.

(Sold for £2,000, July, 1893.)



From an Etching

By Rembrandt

## PORTRAIT OF EPHRAIM BONUS.

(Sold for £1,950, July, 1893.)

is simply an ordinary monochrome impression coloured by hand. In the latter case a magnifying glass will reveal the lines and dots of the subject printed in the one uniform colour—usually a deep brown—with, over them, the strokes of the brush charged with water-colour, covering the spaces between the engraved work as well as the work itself. Even in almost all the best old colour prints slight traces of brush work can be found, as in the pupils of eyes, etc.

It was a frequent custom towards the end of the last and at the beginning of the present century, after a plate had been printed from until it was almost worn out, to issue a number of impressions in colour, in order that the colour might divert attention from the poor condition of the plate. These last expiring efforts from worn-out plates are now always in the market to catch the colo-maniac (if one might coin such a word). Again, in consequence of the inordinate demand for colour prints, many fraudulent hand-coloured examples have been "manufactured" and placed before the unwary. A third way to make

unscrupulous profit out of the craze, has been to unearth the original copper plates that have escaped destruction, and print from them in colours as was done a century ago and in the manner already described. These impressions are usually taken on old paper, or on modern paper "faked" (this is the trade term) to look like old. And a fourth way of profiting by the colour fever has been by means of the modern photographic processes. The deceptions are sometimes so exceedingly clever, and photography has reached such perfection, that the greatest experts are liable, at times, to be caught napping. One thing may safely be said. If the history of a print can be traced back to, say, the year 1868, it may be assumed that it is not a photographic reproduction, as photogravure was not in use until after that date.

In summing up this section of our subject, let us say that, the system of colour printing being inartistic in the highest sense, and the methods of deception so numerous and so subtle, the collector will be well advised to shun the paths of colour, and confine his attention to the acquisition of prints in monochrome.

Having briefly passed in review all the leading styles of engraving, a few words as to collectors' methods may be helpful. For a number of years the writer was associated with a collector, the range of whose acquisitions extended from buttons to fire-backs, and who adopted the elaborate system of keeping a kind of day-book in which was entered every purchase, with its date, price, name and address of seller, and other details; and to each item was assigned a number. This system though elaborate was of great practical value, and it was surprising how frequently a reference to the book was required. On the other hand, an equally eminent collector, who recently passed away, once remarked to the writer that such a book would have made him shudder, for it would have recalled to him the high prices he had sometimes paid for objects of little value. He added, no one can expect invariably to steer clear of pitfalls.

Felix Slade, the founder of the fine art professorships at Oxford and Cambridge and at University College, London, made quality of impression the first article of his collecting creed, and nothing less than the best possible would satisfy him. Therefore, should prints from his famous cabinet be seen, it may be taken for granted that they will be found of the greatest excellence. The late Chaloner Smith, whose important work on mezzotint portraits has an assured position in the literature of art, is said to have been attracted to mezzotints by seeing an impression one day in the shop of Evans the print-seller; and at first he put his maximum price for a print at sixpence. In whatever way the amateur may set about forming his cabinet, and whatever aims he may have in view, the method of keeping a day-book and carefully noting the purchases as they are made, has much to commend it, and the book will be found of increasing interest and importance the longer it is kept.

There have been collectors like Sir Wollaston Franks, whose sole aim was to enrich some public institution, or like Sir John Soane, who, having formed his collections, suitably

housed them and passed them on for public enjoyment, adequately endowed. And there have been those like M. Edmond de Goncourt, who in his will said: "Ma volonté est que mes dessins, mes estampes, mes bibelots, mes livres, enfin les choses d'art qui ont fait le bonheur de ma vie, n'aient pas la froide tombe d'un musée, et le regard bête du passant indifférent, et je demande qu'elles soient toutes éparpillées sous les coups de



From an engraving

By Marcantonio.

#### PORTRAIT OF PIETRO ARETINO.

(Sold for £780, December, 1873.)

marteau du commissaire-priseur et que la jouissance que m'a procurée l'acquisition de chacune d'elles, soit redonnée, pour chacune d'elles, à un héritier de mes goûts."

We have in a previous article alluded to the restoration of prints. The collector will need to know a reliable restorer to whom he can entrust his treasures to be cleaned and repaired, and care must be taken that the work done to the prints is not carried too far. The word reliable is used advisedly, for a restorer who is not an expert and thoroughly conversant with his trade may work much mischief that will not disclose itself until several years after the print has been restored. Then for the safety of the collection it will be well to have the prints mounted upon cardboards of one or more regular sizes, and they should not be fastened down to the boards, but only attached to them with a paper hinge, so that the backs of the prints may be examined when necessary. It is also a good plan, where a print is of great value, to hinge a second sheet of card (having an opening cut through it a trifle smaller than the size of the print) to that to which the engraving has been attached, so as to save its surface from lateral friction.

If the amateur wishes to get the most enjoyment from his possessions, he may do so by having a number of frames made with movable backs, of sizes to range with his



From an Etching.

#### CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

(Sold for £1,750, July, 1893.)

By Rembrandt



mounted prints, and then by simply from time to time changing the prints they contain, he can without any trouble alter the appearance of a room, for a series of etchings may give place to a set of Dürer engravings, or a batch of mezzotints may be exchanged for a group of stipple prints.

A mistake sometimes made by amateurs is when, after visiting a public collection and seeing the strong methods employed there for the preservation of the prints, they go home and imitate the style for their own use. It should always be remembered that the needs for strength in a public collection, where the prints are being constantly handled by students, do not apply in a private cabinet where the owner usually handles (or, shall we say, *should* usually handle) the prints himself while showing his treasures to his friends. Therefore, while every precaution ought to be taken to suitably preserve his collection, the amateur will not need to imitate the mounting and placing methods that prevail in a public institution. By bearing this fact in mind he will be spared space for storage, unnecessary weight, and expense. For private use, and where the wear and tear is small, it is by no means a bad plan to back this century prints, which usually are on a rough paper, with tissue, for then when the prints are placed in a pile one on another the tissue softens the pressure and reduces the risk of injury.

All amateurs are so familiar with what are known as "sunk mounts" that they may never have thought there was a time when sunk mounts were unknown, or ever wanted inventing. It will therefore interest many to learn how the first sunk mount came into existence. Some forty years ago, when the Print Department of the British Museum was still quite small, the drawings were kept loosely in a couple of portfolios. There they were subject to rubbing each time the portfolios were handed to students; and though it was felt that injury was constantly being done, a way to obviate the wear and tear could not be devised. At last one of the officials, Mr. W. M. Scott, thought he could overcome the evil by placing each drawing on a cardboard mount, so made that the surface of the drawing would be below that of the surrounding card. This result he achieved by pasting a sheet of cardboard, in which an opening had been cut, upon a second and uncut sheet of cardboard. The drawing was then mounted in the cut opening, and, being below the surface of the surrounding card, escaped all wear and tear. In this way the first sunk mount was made or "invented," and it was at once found to be in every way successful. The system has now come into universal use wherever prints and drawings are mounted, and the cutting of mounts has become a special trade that employs a great number of hands.

An interest always centres round objects of art that have realised very high prices; and when prints are bought in sale rooms and elsewhere for sums hitherto unknown the circumstance attracts a large amount of attention. Though these prices offer little guide to the collector, we have selected a few prints with record prices to illustrate the present article. The three Rembrandt etchings were included in the famous Holford collection that was dispersed in July, 1893, and together they realised the sensational figure of £5,700! The amount given for the portrait of "Rembrandt with the Sabre" was £2,000, the highest sum ever paid for a print. Only four impressions are known of this etching in the first state, and after they were printed the metal plate was cut down to an irregular oval, in which condition impressions are not so rare. As three of these first state impressions are preserved in national collections, this fourth, from the Holford cabinet, was the only one that could possibly be sold. Hence, to some extent, the reason for the exceptionally high price. The amount paid for the beautiful "Portrait of Ephraim Bonus" fell only £50 short of that given or the "Rembrandt with the Sabre." In this first state it will be noticed that the Jewish physician is wearing a



From a Mezz-tint.

THE THREE LADIES WALDEGRAVE.

By Valentine Green.

(Realise. £388 at the Broadhurst sale, 1897.)

black ring on his finger; and with the black ring only three impressions are known, all the remaining (and later) prints having a white one. As of these three impressions in the first state one is permanently preserved at Amsterdam, while the second is in the British Museum, the Holford impression, as in the case of the "Rembrandt with the Sabre," was the only one that could possibly ever come into the market. The bidding was extremely keen, and eventually Baron Edmond de Rothschild of Paris secured the prize for £1,950. At the same sale an impression in the second state, that is, with the white ring, went for only £135. The third Rembrandt etching—"Christ Healing the Sick"—is probably the most popular of all, and it realised the third highest price ever paid for a print, £1,750. It was one of eight known first state impressions (the difference between the first and second states is chiefly the addition of some lines to the shoulders of the ass on the right), and as several of them are safely housed in museums in London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Vienna, the same reason prevailed for keen competition.

Engravings by Marcantonio do not at the present time fetch high prices; but at the Hugh Howard sale in December, 1873, the portrait of the Italian poet, Aretino, brought the large sum of £780. It was one of only two impressions known in the first state, before the addition of some lines to the cap and before four extra lines of inscription were added.

Our fifth illustration is from the print that at the present time holds the record price for a mezzotint, of £588. The engraving is by Valentine Green, after the well-known picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it is in the first state, before the title and with the artists' names and publication in a light scratched lettering.

ALFRED WHITMAN.

## CAPTAIN ORMROD'S STAGHOUNDS.

A NEW pack of staghounds marks an event in the annals of the chase. There are only ten in this country, including Her Majesty's, and the dispersion of that owned by Mr. Jeffreys Allen would have reduced the number by one if it were not for the appearance in the field of Captain Ormrod's new pack in the far North, under the Lancashire Fells. There is something very much out of the common both in the conditions under which this pack has been started and in the breed and calibre of the hounds themselves. The enterprise has been marked by the same originality as that which created the fish breeding establishment at Wyresdale Park, recently described in COUNTRY LIFE; but the story must speak for itself. The initial difficulty was that for very many years this



W. A. Rouch.

CAPTAIN ORMROD'S HARRIERS.

Copyright—"C.L."

country had not been hunted at all. The sight of a pack of hounds had not been enjoyed for a generation at least. It is a beautiful country to the eye, lying between Preston and Lancaster. In character it much resembles the vale below the Quantocks, the outlying range of Exmoor. There are the same rich enclosed meadows below, steep wooded and ferny hillsides enclosed by stone walls above, and over all the moors and heather of the "fells." From these the sea is visible, but the fells do not run out to the shore, as on the Quantocks. It would be in many respects Exmoor hunting over again were it not for that lapse of many years, and the consequent accumulation of wire in every kind of enclosure in the vale below whither the tame deer, unlike the Exmoor stags, might betake himself. On the other hand, there were no objections amongst the farmers. The idea was cordially welcomed by them. More than 600 of these North Country sportsmen were interviewed by Captain Ormrod.

His welcome was ensured as soon as he mentioned his errand. From the moment at which it was broached until now they have steadily supported him, and when the hounds did come the competition in the neighbourhood of Wyresdale to walk puppies led to actual disappointment. There were not enough puppies "to go round." This was an excellent start. But other interests had to be considered. The shooting, both

They would be very fast, and, if drafts from other packs, some would have been blooded, and it was thought not improbable



W. A. Rouch.

THE MASTER, WITH FOREMAN AND JASPER.

Copyright—"C.L."



W. A. Rouch.

HUNTSMAN'S COTTAGE.

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low ground and grouse, is good in the district, and many land-owners did not regard the idea of a pack of hounds with that entire and hearty concurrence which marked its welcome by the farmers. Foxes would naturally not be welcome, and foxhounds were never suggested. Captain Ormrod rightly concluded that if he were going to hunt he must hunt stag. It was the only theory likely to be at once practical and popular.

Having settled what was to be hunted, the much more difficult question arose of what sort of hounds he was going to hunt with. This is not a problem commonly met with, but the peculiar nature of the country made it the greatest difficulty in the way. Ordinary staghounds are practically large foxhounds, being drafted for size from other kennels.

that if they did get away "on their own" in the new country there might be difficulties. They might kill the deer, and perhaps get into mischief afterwards. If the line were across this heavily wired country, such a contingency was not improbable. What was wanted was a class of hound not too fast, with plenty of "music," and reliable under all contingencies. In the end, Captain Ormrod has got together a pack of the type of the old Southern hounds, whose appearance and character may be judged from the illustrations here shown. They are mainly black and tan, very large hounds, standing on an average 25in., or 2½in. higher than the average foxhound type. Perhaps not very fast, but very sure, with music which can be heard at any reasonable distance.

The history of many of the hounds is also a fair guarantee that they are almost able to hunt by themselves,



without any huntsman at all, for they come from the old trencher-fed packs of the wilds of Yorkshire, many of them owned by artisans or pitmen. Some of them have been maintained for centuries and kept by these working-men subscribers, who follow on foot.

The extent and whereabouts of this reservoir of the old Southern blood was only learnt gradually. Captain Ormrod first purchased the whole of Mr. Jeffreys Allen's pack, of which four couple are still retained. These are 25in. hounds, black and tan, with legs as straight as a ramrod and feet like cats'. Foreman and Jasper are, perhaps, the pick. The former was ripped by a stag so badly that his entrails protruded. He was made comfortable, the wound sewn up, and is now as fit as ever. After obtaining some typical hounds from Mr. Campbell Newington the blood was followed up to Yorkshire and Lancashire. There in remote villages and little country towns were found the hounds which now form the greater part of the pack. These primitive Yorkshire packs are survivals both in regard to hounds and management of very early days. The hounds are kept singly about the villages and by members of the hunt.

If the pack is to be visited out of the season the honorary huntsman goes into the market-place or stands at some convenient street corner and blows his horn. Instantly the cry of excited hounds breaks out from all quarters, the windows fly up, and the big hounds come galloping out from courts and



W. A. Rouch.

DEVMARK, DESPER, DRUID, AND LEADER.

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mourning. The type of hound general in these ancient institutions is the true old Southern hound. The Penistone, which has contributed some of the pick of Captain Ormrod's pack, may be taken as a type. The hounds which used once to hunt deer are now used to hunt hare. Living as they do, as part of the household and members of the family which "board" them, they become docile and sagacious.

It is said that when they have run clean away from their owners who are following on foot, after a kill, they will lie down by the hare and wait for the arrival of the huntsman before they break her up. Whether from the Penistone, the Rossen-



W. A. Rouch.

THE NEW PACK.

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alleys, except those which are shut up, and which howl dismally to be loosed. The difficulty is to induce their owners to part with any of them. If the huntsman, as representing the subscribers, makes a bargain in the interest of the hunt funds, the subscriber in whose family the hound has lived may decline altogether to let him go without a "settlement" of a pugilistic kind. Eventually matters are smoothed over. The departure of that hound is sure to fill more than one household with tears and

dale, or the Holcombe (in East Lancashire), or the Stannington, the general uniformity of type is remarkable. Two of the Penistone hounds are Leader and Portland. The former is a 25in. hound, blue-ticked; Portland tan and tan-ticked, very good below the knee, and with a head which is a perfect picture.

A couple of hundred miles' journey, a long deal and a long price, was the usual result of a successful search for this class of hound among the sportsmen of the Yorkshire hills. Triumph,

Rector, and Ruin are three Bexhill hounds. The size of the whole pack is very striking, and the rich colour, magnificent heads and ears, and general nobility of carriage make the sight of the whole pack together worthy of Landseer at his best.

Marquis and three others are from Mr. Campbell Newington; three blue mottled puppies, Denmark, Desper, and Druid, from the Holcombe; one from Rossendale; and two from Stannington. All these hounds were not drafts, but Mr. Ormrod's own selection. Twenty couple of these selected hounds are now at Wyresdale.

The kennels are well and substantially built at the head of the new lake made to hold the wild fish of the Wyresdale fishery, above which are large meadows where the young puppies are scattered about in kennels under the oaks. As evidence of the thoroughness with which the new Master is taking up his duties, it is well to mention that Captain Ormrod has also a pack of harriers, which he hunted early in the mornings of August and September, to get himself and his horses into condition and make some practical trial of the country; these harriers are all black and tan, and are a very beautiful lot.

He has enclosed 180 acres of the hillside, bordering on the heather, as a deer park, and intends to have some outlying stags on the fells to hunt in Exmoor fashion. Such thoroughness has not been obtained without a heavy sacrifice of money as well as time. Up till now Captain Ormrod has borne the whole expense himself. It is to be hoped that he will meet not only with sympathy but with practical support from the country, to the sport of which his pack promises to add a new and attractive feature.

C. J. CORNISH.

## A Ray of Sunshine.

THE sun cure becomes more and more widely known year by year. The patients are no longer looked upon as harmless lunatics, risking their lives in a hopeless quest of health, but as sensible beings, who have found the truth of Herr Kikli's



BREAKFAST OUT OF DOORS.

motto: "Wasser thuts freilich. Hoher doch stahet die Luft, am höchsten das Licht." Kikli is the originator of the now popular "Sun and Air Cure," which has worked such wonders on innumerable apparently hopeless cases. Fifty years ago, as a peasant in Switzerland, he discovered what a beneficial effect the sun and air had upon the human body, and it is now over forty years since he started the cure in that beautiful spot called Veldes, at the foot of the Karawanken Mountains in Oberkrain, where so many invalids of different nationalities find their way, year after year, to give themselves up to the enjoyment of that life which possesses such a fascination for the civilised being of the present day. For six weeks to live in the enjoyment of sun, air, and beautiful scenery is a novel and delightful experience—at least, I found it so.

I lived in an open-air hut on the edge of the lake, where at night I lay awake listening to the nightingale and cricket, while the pretty little firefly danced in and out, and now and then a large pike splashed lazily in the water. Although at home I am not an early riser, five o'clock saw us dressed and on our way to the air-bath. A mile and a-half in the delightful morning freshness

is a tonic in itself, and the hour before breakfast passed all too quickly. No need to describe our costumes, my photographs are descriptive enough; but no photograph can picture the beauty of the scene. To the north stretched the beautiful range



CATCHING BUTTERFLIES.

of the Karawanken Mountains, while to the west towered the jagged peak of Triglaw, rising 9,395 ft. high into the clear morning atmosphere. The quaint notes of the hoopoe and rainbird were heard in the trees, the latter a forewarner of rain; and as I lazily lay almost buried in a mass of Alpine flowers I wondered if Eden could have surpassed this; but came to the conclusion it could not—Adam was there.

The fair-haired German children were like fairies dancing in and out among the trees, which is more than I can say for their mothers, who were performing calisthenic exercises in another corner of the enclosure; and I wonder what our Scottish forbears would have said could they have seen me, airily clad, not in a kilt and plaid, but in a muslin chemise and barefooted, instructing a bevy of well-fed German ladies, in similar light attire, in the intricacies of the Highland fling. We were far too much in earnest in the lesson to see anything ludicrous in our appearance.

Breakfast at seven, consisting of brown bread and milk,



IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.

which may not sound very appetising to you stay-at-home people, but we had the right sauce, namely, hunger. After about three hours' air-bath, we once more descended to our huts, where we had a well-earned rest. The feature of the day is the sun-bath,



which takes place when the sun's rays are hottest. For an hour we lay exposed, all but our heads, to the baking midday sun, each in our separate cubicle. This time we could not boast even a muslin chemise. It would take too long to give in detail the routine of the day. Suffice it to say that the sun-bath is succeeded by water-baths and douches of various temperatures, which is to the English mind of great importance. We Britishers could not do without our baths, and one of the first questions old Kikli asks you is "Nehmen sie ein Bad wie die Engländer?" He is quite prepared for the answer, "Aber ja gewiss."

And so day follows day, the time quickly slips away, and we wonder why we have never heard before of this paradise on earth, or how we have lived so many years of our lives in ignorance of this, to us, most beautiful spot in Europe, and we dread going back to the conventionalities of our home life. Of course, there are drawbacks even here—what rose without a thorn? And as I lie awake at night, with the thunder crashing and banging almost incessantly overhead, the whole place lit up by lightning, and the rain descending in torrents on the zinc roof of the hut, I long for my snug bed at home: I cannot deny it. But with the morning sun the contrast is once more in favour of Austria rather than the grey skies of Scotland. S. J. E.



A WINTER GARDEN.

WINTER is a season of decay and death, at least to the ordinary mind, but the true gardener knows that at this time, when the weather is reasonably mild, many things are in flower in border and woodland. Upon a sunny wall the Winter Sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans grandiflorus*) is opening its lemon-scented fragrant flowers, and the brilliant berries of the *Pyracanthus* add a glow of rich colour, whilst in the sunny border *Iris stylosa* and its white variety have formed a robust clump, with many fragrant flowers opening in the sun. The following trees and shrubs and hardy flowers are in beauty at this time:

*Hamamelis arborea*, the Witch Hazel, bright with golden flowers, each petal quaintly twisted, and a shrub, as we recently pointed out, to group. No Witch Hazel is more charming than this.

*Aralia Sieboldi*, quite beautiful with its soft creamy flower heads and polished green leaves.

*Arbutus Unedo* and *Croomei*, in flower and fruit. The fruits are very ornamental, like tempting Strawberries, hence the name of "Strawberry tree."

*Chimonanthus fragrans* and its variety *grandiflorus*—These will bloom all through the winter, and must be protected with tiffany if the flowers are likely to suffer from severe frosts or heavy rains. One must not expect always the same unsullied bloom as in spring or summer.

*Garrya elliptica*.—This is a beautiful evergreen from California, and is beginning to bloom now; the delicate green catkins are delightful either for cutting or their winter effect amidst the profusion of handsome leaves. A south wall is best, and the most attractive catkins are borne by the male plant.

*Gaultheria procumbens*.—A neat little shrub, very pretty when laden with its red berries in winter. It enjoys a peat soil.

*Bush Honeysuckles*.—We write "bush" to distinguish them from the climbers, and their names are *Lonicera Standishi* and *L. fragrantissima*, both flowering during the winter months. The flowers are very fragrant, and for this reason it is wise to put them against a sunny wall.

*Heaths*.—Some of these are pretty in winter, especially *Daboecia polifolia* or *Menziesia polifolia* and the variety *alba*, both of which are, in mild seasons, in bloom now. Two prettier little shrubs to form a groundwork to large beds, or in other ways, can hardly be named, and they are happy in peaty soil. The following trees and shrubs are conspicuous for their winter effect:

*Betula papyrifera*, or the Canoe Birch, a beautiful tree, more silvery even than the native kind. There are specimens of it in the arboretum at Kew.

*White-stemmed Brambles* (*Rubus biflorus*), about which we wrote lately.

*Salix vitellina*, the yellow-barked Willows, amongst the most beautiful in colour of all trees.

*Salix daphnoides*, a very distinct and charming Willow, with whitish bark.

*Dogwoods*, especially the Siberian *Cornus*, with its bright crimson stems.

*Sea Buckthorn* (*Hippophae rhamnoides*), smothered with orange-coloured fruit clusters during the winter.

*Hollies*.—Of these there are many forms.

*Snowberry* (*Symphoricarpos racemosus*), which has large white berries.

*Cotoneaster tomentosa*, with scarlet berries, a valuable species not too much seen in gardens.

*Fiery Thorn* (*Crataegus Pyracantha*) and its variety *Lelandi*.

*Spindle tree* (*Enonymus europæus*), a native tree bright with pink-coloured fruits.

*Vitis heterophylla humulifolia*, the turquoise-berried vine, very pretty against a warm southern wall.

Besides the foregoing beautiful trees and shrubs, either for their bark or fruit, one must not forget the autumn-flowering form of the *Mezereum* (*Daphne Mezereum grandiflora*), the charming *Eleagnus*, *Jasminum nudiflorum*, smothered with golden bloom in winter, *Erica carnea* and its white variety, and the *Laurustinus*, which are all forerunners of the things that bloom in February and early March. When one makes out a list of true winter flowers it is surprising to find so many things available, if trees and shrubs with beautiful

fruits or bark are included too. Take one family alone, the golden-barked Willows; how seldom these richly-coloured trees are planted in gardens, though in winter unsurpassed in distinct and effective colouring. Grouped with the Dogwoods by lake or pond side they give a fresh interest and beauty to frequently dreary spots. It is so easy to get colour into the garden if only the proper kinds are planted.

#### THE PLANTING SEASON.

At the time of writing planting may be carried out successfully, and, of course, opportunities should always be taken advantage of for getting trees and plants in the ground before hard frosts make such outdoor work as this impossible; but certain kinds require special seasons for transplanting. Thus, evergreens are best moved in early autumn or late spring, except *Rhododendrons* and shrubs with fibrous roots, which with care may be lifted and transplanted safely in open weather during the winter. Plant deciduous trees any time almost after the leaves have fallen, but as soon as possible before midwinter. It is foolish to leave this important work until the spring when new growth is starting. Plant Bamboos in May.

#### WINTER-FLOWERING BEGONIAS.

A brilliant group of the hybrid winter-flowering Begonias was exhibited at the recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society by Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons of Chelsea. The display occupied much space, and the colours were vivid, even in the murky atmosphere of a November day. We draw attention to this race because the plants seem to have been overlooked; but nothing is brighter in the warm greenhouse during the winter than these, which, thanks to the hybridist, extend in variety and interest every year. The plants are not difficult to grow, and flower with great freedom, whilst fog does not affect the blossom. It remains fresh, even in London, when many things—delicately textured Orchids, as an example—quickly succumb. Few flowers can withstand the poisonous vapour of a foggy London day, and it is worse than useless to attempt to grow those things known to suffer. We have seen a house full of Orchid flowers destroyed in one night simply through dense fog. To dwellers near smoky cities it is therefore important to have plants of the free-flowering character of these Begonias. The kinds shown by Messrs. Veitch, all raised in their nurseries, were the bright carmine rose Mrs. Heal, John Heal, Winter Cheer, Nyra, Sylvia, and Ensign, the two last-named of recent acquisition, and double-flowered, whilst their rose colouring is pretty and distinct. The foundation of the present race is *B. socotrana*, which was flowered for the first time in England in 1881, and it is interesting to know that this Begonia came from the island of Socotra, far away from the haunts of other species. It must not be forgotten that the temperature of a warm greenhouse is essential. Use soil similar to that required for the ordinary Begonias, and as the plants go to rest after the flowers have faded no water must be given until growth begins again in July. The hybrid winter-flowering Begonias should be prized for their brilliant colour, freedom, and usefulness in the winter months.

#### THE ALMONDS.

As this is the chief planting season, it is important to refer to groups that should contribute to the beauty of pleasure ground and woodland. The Almonds are important; the pretty pink bloom heralds in the spring, and though scattered sometimes by hard winds and frosts, its beauty is too precious to lose in the early months of the year. *Amygdalus* is the old name of the Almond, but the family has now been merged with the *Prunuses*. There are several forms of the common Almond (*A. communis*), but the finest kind is, undoubtedly, *Macrocarpa*, which is altogether larger than the type, the flowers measuring fully 3in. across, whilst their pink and white colouring is very tender. An Almond that will interest the planter is *A. Davidiana*; it is the earliest of all to bloom, more slender than *A. communis*, but with smaller flowers. This matters little, as they are rich pink in colour and wreath the leafless shoots. *A. Davidiana* in full bloom is no common picture thus early in the year. Even before January has gone it will bloom, and hence a sheltered spot should be chosen, not because the tree is tender, but to protect as much as possible the flowers from wind and frost. *Alba* is a white variety. *A. nana* is quite dwarf, certainly not more than 3ft. in height, and has pink flowers produced as early as in the case of the species. It is quite a little bush, and suckers are produced freely. This kind can be propagated by means of its suckers, and *A. communis* by seeds, whilst the ordinary Almond is used as a stock upon which to graft in spring or bud in August.

#### ALTERATIONS IN THE GARDEN.

It is well to begin early to make alterations in the garden, and not to leave the work until after Christmas, when frequently severe weather is experienced which renders outdoor labours impossible. Finish bulb planting as quickly as possible, and get on with forming rose groups, whilst the thinning out of shrubberies and woodland may be left until the more important perennials and bulbs are in the ground, as these must be first considered. This is the time to rearrange borders, and in replanting remember that in free masses or groups the flowers are most effective. At this time evergreen edging plants show their beauty, we mean when the edging is composed of the Saxifrage, Stonecrop, and similar things, which as far as leaf colour is concerned are richest and brightest during the winter. There is so much beauty in the garden at this time that in planting the winter should be thought of, not merely the summer months.

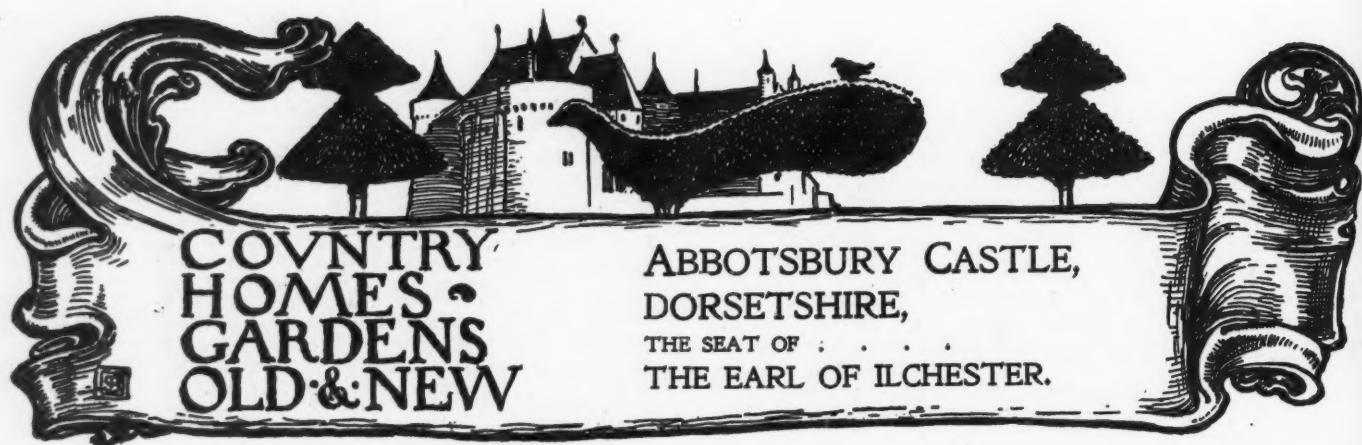
#### A NEW GOLDEN HOP.

We understand that Messrs. Dicksons, of Chester, have a new golden-leaved Hop called *Humulus lupulus aureus*, which, judging from the coloured illustrations we have seen, is very handsome, the foliage of an attractive golden hue. It should make a useful addition to our list of distinct climbers.

#### COLOURING OF THE MEGASEAS IN WINTER.

We were lately in a beautiful woodland garden in which the Megaseas (*Saxifragas*) were assuming their beautiful winter shades of purple and bronzy greens. How such beauty is lost to the garden when the things that assume their richest dress in winter are forgotten, the rich tones of the big leathery-leaved Megaseas, the silvery colouring of Lavender, and deep green of mossy Saxifrage, or silver and the flower of the Rosemary. Winter is a season of colour, rich and restful.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in difficulties concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



**T**HIS is another charming residence of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester, and a garden of more than common beauty, a garden of sub-tropical plants, which, in the balmy climate of Dorsetshire, thrive in a manner to arouse envious thoughts in the minds of those placed under less happy conditions. It is only in the South of England and Ireland, near the warmth-giving seacoasts, that a garden so rich in tender vegetation is possible, and flower gardeners owe much to the Earl and Countess for their enthusiastic endeavours to bring the beautiful plants of a warmer clime into Britain.

It is gratifying to see at Abbotsbury plants in rude health which further North cannot be trusted out of doors except in midsummer; but throughout the year the mimosa, or *Acacia dealbata* of the Riviera, and many others are content to dwell in this favoured place. No less than 140 years ago this garden was begun, and the present Earl has increased its interest and extent. But a love for gardening has ever been a family virtue, and one Lord of Abbotsbury after another has, with conspicuous success, acclimatised many so-called tender plants and shrubs. The camellias are attaining tree-like dimensions, and here too are the Himalayan rhododendrons, the beautiful crimped pink-flowered *Lagerstrœmia indica*, the olive of commerce, *calliostemon*, pittosporums, seedling blue gum trees (*Eucalyptus globulus*), and rare oaks.

Beautiful plants and flowers enrich the garden around the castle. It stands upon a level plateau high above the sea, and is surrounded with velvety swards and ancient rock-gardens, upon which the ice plants spread their growth. It is a brilliant scene, the castle and surrounding landscape, and bright flowers to give colour to the picture, whilst near, connected with the castle by an avenue of graceful tamarisk, are the gardens. One looks with admiration at the wonderful avenue of tamarisk, considered unexcelled in Britain, and for seashore or dry, sunny inland gardens few shrubs are of greater use. It seems to revel in the salt-laden winds, and when unpruned is a sea of pink bloom during late summer.

We must leave the castle and its immediate garden, where in warm bays between huge rocks *Phormium tenax* thrives exceedingly, and walk to the lower ground away from the castle, a place wisely selected by the previous Earls for its shelter and warmth. Looking towards the north is a high ridge of hills running east and west, and forming a strong belt to protect tender vegetation from frost and rough winds. In the valley a new world of plant and tree life is revealed. There is natural protection from the south-west gales of spring and autumn, and, in truth, all quarters, whilst in addition there are vigorous groups of evergreen oaks, and thick belts of the same leafy tree encircle the ancient walled enclosure.

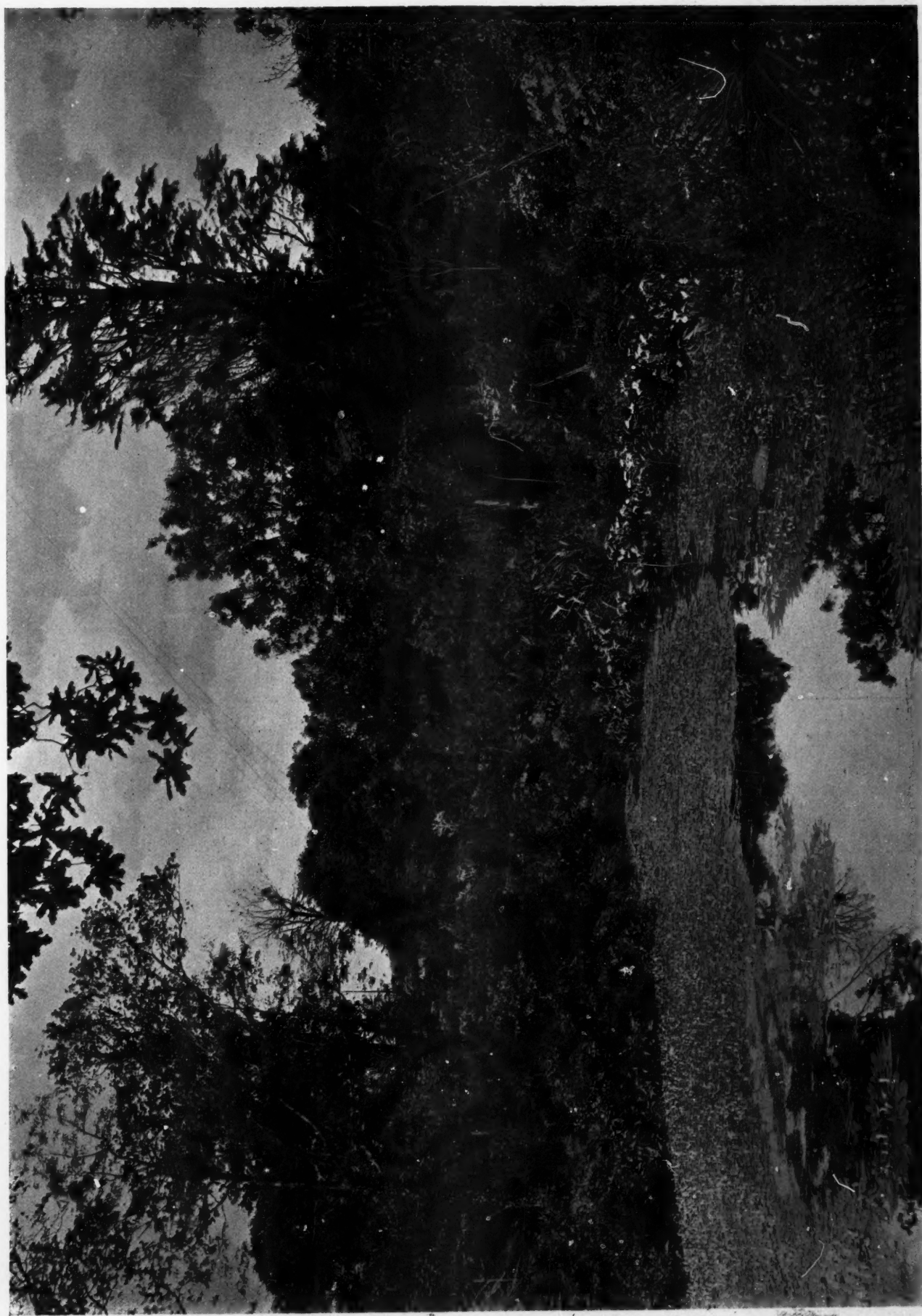


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A NATURAL GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ABBOTSBURY CASTLE: THE LILY POND.

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## THE PONDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

This garden is indeed a sun-trap, and strongly defended against storms of wind from all quarters.

The lesson of course to be learned from this is that shelter is essential. Sub-tropical plants, those beautiful trees and shrubs from warm climes which in the Midlands and North of England one is content to grow for the summer garden only, cannot live exposed to buffeting winds or frosts. Even in Dorsetshire Lord Ilchester chooses a valley peculiarly sheltered from wind

and cold. Neither is this garden simply a botanical collection of things formally displayed. There is no mere outdoor herbarium here, but a wild and picturesque spot, where one may wander to enjoy luxuriant foliage and pleasant solitude, disturbed only by the song of birds. On leaving the enclosure the way leads through a door overhung with the white lapageria. It may seem strange to those unacquainted with Abbotsbury or the gardens of the South to learn that out of doors the lapageria flowers abundantly. Usually its waxy white bells are seen only in the greenhouse, and wherever grown possess unusual charm.

Another feature is the necessarily abundant water supply stored in two immense ornamental reservoirs, begemmed in the summer and early autumn with the rich flowers of hybrid and other water-lilies. These huge tanks have only been constructed about two years, but are a source of unfailing interest, apart from their utility. Here green tree frogs and peacock blue lizards bask, and goldfish glide amongst the nymphæas. The reservoirs are naturally placed at a high elevation, and surrounded with evergreen oaks, but in the raised banks and borders we find plants as interesting as the flowers that float upon the water's surface. The cabbage palm of Australia (*Dracæna indivisa*) is near to many graceful grasses—*eulalia*, *Phormium tenax*, and others—whilst sometimes the soil about them is carpeted with the brilliant *Mesembryanthemum edule*, saxi fragas, and alpinas as precious. From the time of the daffodils



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## BAMBOO ARUNDINARIA SIMONI.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



in spring onward throughout the year this garden is in truth an object-lesson of how much may be accomplished in sub-tropical gardening when Nature favours one's efforts.

A grassy path leads to yet another vista, and to about eight acres of ground recently added to the garden. A fairy scene is spread out, typical of this lovely county. The old fishing village, with its well-kept allotments, nestles amongst the trees, with the parish church and Alina Water in its vicinity. Beyond this, high up on the hillside, is St. Catherine's Chapel, which formed part of the ruined monastery, and has its use, in these days, as a landmark to those who have their "business in great waters."

Flower gardening of a delightful kind beautifies this spot. The flower-beds are formed upon the turf, intersected with bamboo, pampas, cistus, and ribes hedges, behind which are colonies of carnations, chrysanthemums, gladiolus, and fragrant violets. The way leads through a wicket gate to a still higher place, where those who are interested in coniferous trees will find groups of pines, junipers, and other trees and shrubs of a like nature, but there is no relaxation of sheltering precautions, for thick belts of tamarisk, evergreen oak, and poplar have been planted as wind-screens. Under the crest of the hill are mixed shrubberies of weigela, chionanthus, orange ball tree (*Buddlea globosa*), and a host of rare and beautiful shrubs, an unique collection indeed, which during the spring and summer seasons



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ARUM LILIES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

provides a wealth of flowers to create variety in the garden. Below one of these luxuriant shrubberies, and divided from it by a wide grass path, is a hedge of Reine Olga de Wurtemberg and climbing Malmaison roses. This hedge was planted four years ago, and the plants are 12ft. in height, filling up a length of no less than 50yds., a path of fragrant blossom, reminding one of the rose bowers in the old gardens at Nice, where the rose festoons the olives with wreaths of flowers.



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A CORNER IN THE SUB-TROPICAL GARDEN.

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A VIEW IN THE SUB-TROPICAL GARDEN.

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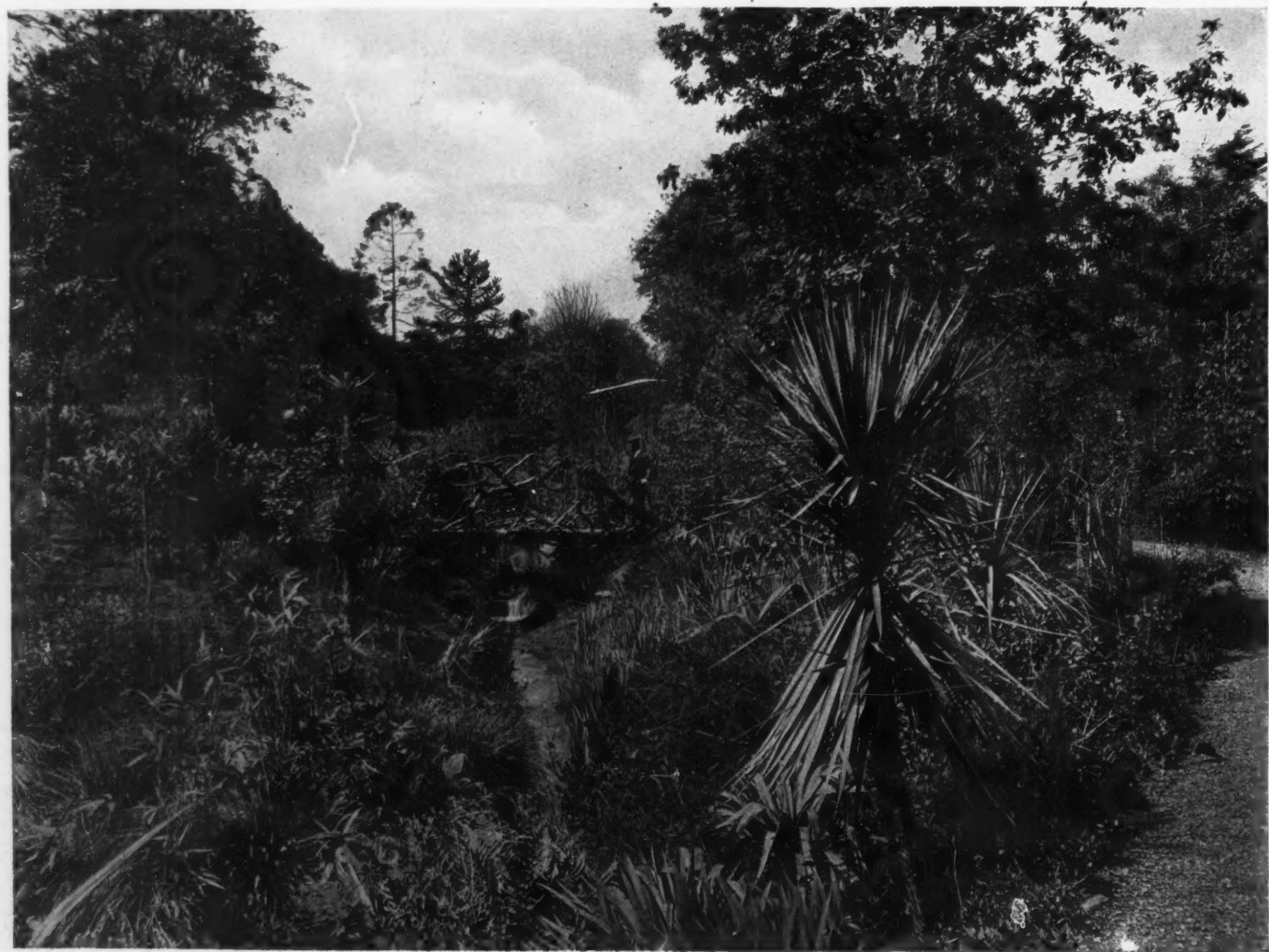
The bamboo is naturally a feature of more than passing interest. Of recent years this graceful grass has been planted in many English gardens, and found to succeed in climates far less favourable than Dorsetshire. Lord Ilchester has planted no less than thirty kinds, which fill a border 20ft. wide and 150yds. long in the sheltered "Stavordale Wood." This colony was formed last year upon the site of a disused ditch, and is one of the more interesting features of Abbotsbury. Those who are about to make a bamboo garden or border should remember that shelter is essential. No matter whether the plants be strong, the soil

deep, and unremitting attention bestowed upon them, without protection from north and easterly winds bamboo culture is doomed to failure.

Descending from the bamboo colony by rustic steps, darkened by a canopy of oak branches, another beautiful view gladdens the scene. Here the ornamental water is covered with fragrant Cape pond weed (*Aponogeton distachyon*), and nestling under the north bank are masses of the arum or lily of the Nile, which has braved the storms of four successive winters. Only in the South of England and Ireland is it possible to grow this famous plant outside, but when seen by water's margin, lifting its big white spathes above the lush foliage, regrets are indeed sincere that this noble flower is not happy everywhere. Throwing the arums into bold relief are pawlownias, palms, even acacias, and rare willows.

The ground rises again, and we find a bog garden of remarkable interest and beauty. Here, of course, is the Japanese iris, *spiræas*, *Arundo conspicua*, and *mimuluses*, which revel in the damp soil, studding the place with colours of surpassing richness and variety. On a drier spot is the little *Philesia buxifolia*, with its bright red flowers, and across the stream, on a smaller bank, which supports a venerable *Cupressus macrocarpa*, are strong young seedlings of the New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), which were raised here.

Interesting pictures are unfolded on all sides, and an array of Australian and New Zealand trees and shrubs will not be passed unnoticed. Of course the grey-green of the eucalyptus



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breaks in upon the view, but it is remarkable to find the metrosideros or bottle brush tree happy with *Acacia armata*, seedling Himalayan rhododendrons, and other shrubs from those pleasant lands. Roses hang in profusion from tree-stumps in the warm banks surrounding the bog garden, and amongst a host of kinds we find the now familiar Crimson Rambler, with *Rosa macrophylla*, *Caroliniana*, and *Simplex*.

Of course we can only in a descriptive article try to show how beautiful and interesting is this garden. There is not a corner in which one cannot discover some rare exotic shrub or flower, or find a familiar friend in rude vigour. Associations of leaf and flower are there to note for future guidance in one's own plans—tall bamboos perhaps overhung with the scarlet oak, or stately cork trees which sow themselves, and therefore become naturalised. To name every uncommon plant or shrub would be to make an undesirably lengthy list. The fiddle tree (*Citharexylon*

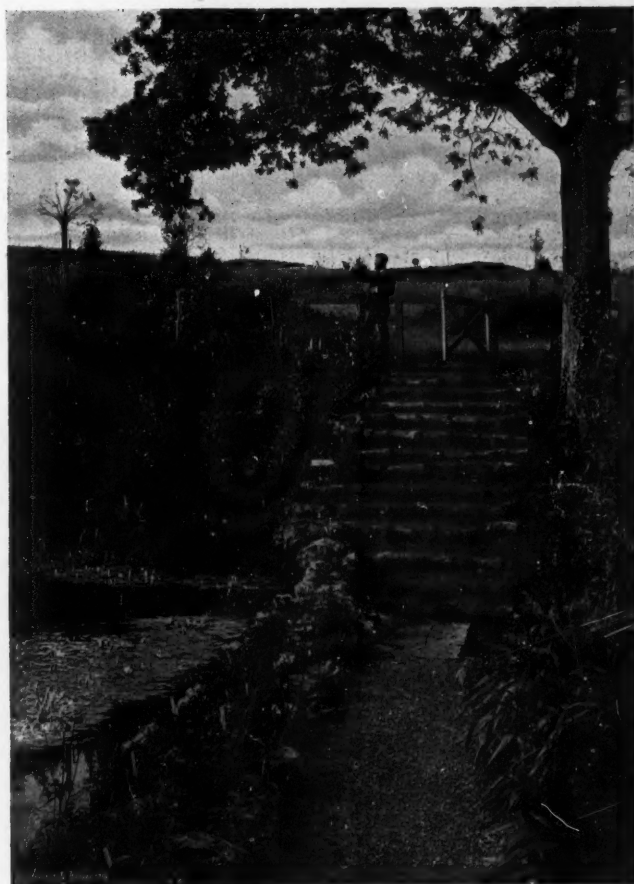


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THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

"C.L."

cyanocephalum), for example, is 18ft. high, and in its appointed season burdened with purple flowers. Hedges of hydrangeas, myrtles, fuchsias, Indian azaleas, and escallonias make gay pictures of colour during their respective seasons of flowering, all outside the true sub-tropical garden, *i.e.*, the quadrangular-shaped wall enclosure. Lord and Lady Ilchester are devoted gardeners, and have fashioned many beautiful scenes in this sunny place during recent years, whilst improvements are still being undertaken, though it is hard indeed to tell where it is possible to create better



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A PATH OVER THE WATERFALL.

"C.L."

pictures than adorn Abbotsbury at all times. It will interest our readers to know that between 4,000 and 5,000 species of shrubs and plants find a home here, and during every season the true flower gardener will find a host of beautiful things in blossom. Myriads of camellias, delicately-tinted exotic rhododendrons, and acacias colour the early months of the year, and daffodils lift their flowers to the sun, for Abbotsbury is not merely a garden of exotics. Hardy perennials and the flowers we hold dear as peculiar to the English garden are there too. Hosts of daffodils carpet the borders, beds, and grassy swards, followed by the roses of summer, water-lilies in rich profusion, and sparkling mesembryanthemums. The year indeed is encircled with blossom in this unique and beautiful garden.

### BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WRITERS of Parliamentary "sketches" notwithstanding, there are probably a good many of us who do not quite understand the House of Commons and its ways and the glamour that belongs to it. Frankly, I am such an one. Four times in the course of my life it has been my duty to listen to a debate in the House of Commons. From those four weary experiences there stand out two memories. The first that of Mr. Gladstone, while his voice was still silver-toned and resolute, making a splendid oration—I am referring to the manner of it and not to the matter—on the Redistribution Bill. The second is that of the one great speech of Mr. Bromley-Davenport. For the rest the oratory to which I have listened has always been of the most commonplace description and of



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SUB-TROPICAL TREES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the poorest quality. But I have many friends who are familiar with the House of Commons, members, occupants of the gallery and the like, and nothing is more remarkable than the glamour which the House exercises over them. It is really only a big hall in which speeches are made, sometimes by very stupid persons, more often than not to empty benches. But they talk of it as if it were a great personality, with likes and dislikes, and ways and fancies of its own. Reading Sir Richard Temple's "The House of Commons" (John Long), I have more nearly than ever before approached an understanding of the true meaning of this glamour. It is a useful book, and even entertaining, and there is no kind of doubt of Sir Richard Temple's authority to deal with his subject. He has been a hard-working Parliamentarian indeed. "What is my practical and personal knowledge of the House of Commons! Well, I was there for ten years, that is, from 1885 to 1895. During that decade, excepting autumnal intervals of travel, I gave my whole time and thoughts to Parliament. I attended almost every sitting from its beginning to its end. I saw everything and heard everything, almost without exception. I was present in almost every division. In round numbers I have voted in nearly three thousand divisions. I always heard the Question put by the Speaker before we proceeded to divide upon it, and in every instance I had my own notion regarding its merits. If in any case I was not present in a division—it was not one in a hundred—the cause was either casual illness or attendance on obligatory duty in the School Board for London, of which I was the financial member. Nor did the work end here; I took my full, perhaps even more than a full share, in that committee work, which is one of the heaviest burdens which a Parliamentarian has to bear. I served on several select committees whose proceedings were protracted over many weeks—of one of these, a peculiarly laborious one, I was chairman. I was more than once chairman of Private Bill Committees, for the trial of lengthy and complicated cases in which the leaders of the Parliamentary bar were practising on both sides. I was always a member of the Public Accounts Committee, and for two busy years I was its chairman—all which necessarily afforded me a complete insight into Parliamentary finance. I was always a member of one of the grand committees to which the House had delegated the work of the committee stage for Bills which were referred to it, and these were many. Moreover, my decade was as arduous and troublesome a one as was ever passed by the House of Commons. It comprised the fiercest, the most persistently waged, the most long drawn-out contests of our generation—all most suggestive and instructive to a student, like me, of Parliamentary affairs. As a consequence—among many other consequences—of this was the protraction and extension of the regular sessions and a frequency of autumn sessions, so that during my decade the average time annually given to the sittings and to the business of the House must have been considerably greater than in previous decades."

The real wonder is that a man should be willing to do all this work for sheer patriotism. Having done it, he gives us a very clear description of the machinery of the House and some vivid character sketches. Here, as a sample, is one, in relation to which I leave out the name of the statesman portrayed, simply because the sketch is as vivid as a photograph:

"His speeches on public platforms—closely reasoned, nervous and sinewy, eagerly looked for, eloquent at the right moments, abounding in originality, leaving a deep impression on the national mind—are too well known to need mention here. Suffice it to say that all these grand qualities are displayed by him in the Commons, where he produces just the same effect as that which is seen outside in public. But to them there is something added in the House, and these deserve mention. He never strikes unless he has been already assailed; but if attacked he will hit back again with a force that no other hitter can emulate. He studies the subject in hand with a completeness that fills his quiver with arrows, one or other of which he can shoot off instantaneously. Thus his repartee and retort are scathing and often terrific. It happened that he was habitually attacked by the Gladstonians and by the Irish party. Against each of these he used to level his shafts, returning shot for shot. While thus engaged, he presented as fine a fighting figure as could be imagined, quite an athlete in intellectual exercise. His speeches filled the House and emptied the lobbies, being considered some of the most important that could be delivered in Parliament. If he may be surpassed in this or that respect by other orators, he is more free from defects than anyone else; and take him all round, all in all, he is the best speaker of the day."

Let us turn for a moment to lighter things. Not half enough notice, to my

mind, has been taken of "Marget at the Manse" by Ethel M. Heddlie (Gardner Darton) the accomplished author of "Three Girls in a Flat." That, perhaps, is because it has something of the reek of the kail-yard about it, and folks are a little tired of Scotch in these days. For all that, it is a capital little book, with plenty of human feeling in it. It is a collection of slight stories, all more or less connected, purporting to be told by the minister of a Scotch fishing village, and it is full of good character painting. Marget, the minister's servant, shrewd, loyal, an amiable busybody, is excellent. So is Lieb Lindsay, the "little plain body," who doubted whether she was of any use in the world and found that she was. So is dour Tammas Hunter, a terribly conscientious elder, described by Marget as an "ill-natured carblin', back-bitin', fashious, greedy auld carle, and plain as parritch for bye." So is Andrew Greig, the music lover, who described the church organ as a "kist o' whistles" and a "Popish panoramy," and was won over by hearing a London lady play "He was despised and rejected." "I thoct the kist o' whistles was wrang, and an un-seemly sicht and soond in the hoose o' God. I was wrang. That music has brocht me nearer till what I've thoct heaven would be like than iver I could hae believed."



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A VIEW OVER THE HILL AT ABBOTSBURY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." (Longmans) is the work of E. A. Somerville and Martin Ross, the clever authors of "The Real Charlotte;" and it is uncommonly amusing and characteristic. The stories have appeared before in the *Badminton Magazine*, and there is a pleasant suspicion that they are really the work of two ladies. Of the racy humour which pervades the whole I cannot give a better example than the description of the resident magistrate's first night in Shreelane, a house taken in a hurry, in the garrets of which the caretakers have been stowed away secretly by the housekeeper, Mrs. Cadogan, where they live on the R.M.'s stores. There is a wholly laughter-moving end to this story too, but the account of that weary night will stand alone.

"When Mr. Knox had gone, I began to picture myself going across country roaring, like a man on a fire-engine, while Philippa put the goose down the chimney; but when I sat down to write to her I did not feel equal to being humorous about it. I dilated ponderously on my cold, my hard work, and my loneliness, and eventually went to bed at ten o'clock full of cold shivers and hot whisky-and-water.

"After a couple of hours of feverish dozing, I began to understand what



had driven Great-Uncle McCarthy to perambulate the house by night. Mrs. Cadogan had assured me that the Pope of Rome hadn't a better bed under him than myself; wasn't I down on the new flog mattherass the old mather bought in Father Scanlan's auction? By the smell I recognised that 'flog' meant flog, otherwise I should have said my couch was stuffed with old boots. I have seldom spent a more wretched night. The rain drummed with soft fingers on my window panes; the house was full of noises. I seemed to see Great-Uncle McCarthy ranging the passages with Flurry at his heels; several times I thought I heard him. Whisperings seemed borne on the wind through my keyhole, boards creaked in the room overhead, and once I could have sworn that a hand passed, groping, over the panels of my door. I am, I may admit, a believer in ghosts; I even take in a paper that deals with their culture, but I cannot pretend that on that night I

looked forward to a manifestation of Great-Uncle McCarthy with any enthusiasm. The morning broke stormily, and I woke to find Mrs. Cadogan's understudy, a grimy nephew of about eighteen, standing by my bedside, with a black bottle in his hand.

"There's no bath in the house, sir," was his reply to my command; 'but me A'nt said, would ye like a taggeen?'

"This alternative proved to be a glass of raw whisky. I declined it."

"Young April" (Macmillan) will add to the already considerable reputation of Mr. Egerton Castle. I cannot well review it at the tail end of an article, but space may be found to notice it later. Suffice it to say now that it is deliciously whimsical in conception, that is, carefully polished, and that it contains two of the most fascinating women, one good and the other quite bad, who have lived in literature of late.

## AN ALL-ROUND KENNEL.

THERE is probably no more popular creature on the face of the earth than a good terrier. No matter whether he be English, Scottish, or Irish he is a born sportsman, and even when his predatory tastes or fighting propensities get him into disgrace there is usually a warm corner in his master's heart which leads to the advantage of the offender. Besides, the terrier exists in such numerous varieties that any professing dog-lover must be a very difficult person to please if he cannot discover one at least amongst them to satisfy his requirements. If a dog is wanted to follow a horse or conveyance, to assist in the extermination of rats or the capture of rabbits, to sleep in a draughty passage on a damp doormat at night and thereby constitute himself the guardian of his master's house, to annihilate the neighbour's dog which will persist in poaching, or to efface the stray cat which decimates his mistress's poultry-yard, to act as the companion of the children in their walks abroad—in fact, to officiate in any conceivable capacity, the animal that will fill the bill is that canine mail-of-all-work, the terrier.

No wonder, therefore, that the majority of country gentlemen profess no scruples in admitting that they love their terriers; but it does not necessarily follow that every member of their number is able to indulge his taste for dogs so freely as the fortunate Sir Raymond Tyrerwhit Wilson, some of whose favourites are the subjects of the accompanying illustrations. There is, moreover, a catholicism about Sir Raymond Tyrerwhit Wilson's love for terriers which must be the subject of admiration to many, for, as will be seen from the photographs, he is an admirer of bull-terriers, big and little, white English terriers, hard-haired Scottish terriers, and Irish terriers. Included in the above category of offshoots of the genus terrier are breeds which collectively may conscientiously be referred to as being capable of performing any duty that dogs of their respective weights could be expected to get through. For instance, the courage of the



T. Fall.

TOBY, BOB, JIMMY, AND TINY.

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bull-terrier is proverbial, his very existence being due to the enterprise, or perhaps it would be more correct to say skill, of the old breeders of fighting dogs, who, realising that the bulldog was too slow and cumbersome for their purpose, and the white English terrier a trifle too soft, though activity personified, very cleverly crossed the two breeds, and by selecting the most promising animals of the produce and breeding from them evolved that modern gladiator, the bull-terrier. Yet it is to be feared that the results of their labours are destined to be lost sight of before very long, for of late years the position of the bull-terrier proper has been steadily going from bad to worse. A generation ago, so far as the show world was concerned, it was impossible to exhibit a bull-terrier that scaled between 16lb. and 35lb. or 40lb., it being generally conceded that the middle-weights were animals unworthy of support. About the year 1877, however, the Kennel Club, acting in opposition to the opinions of many breeders, instituted classes for four-and-twenty-pounders, with the result that was anticipated



Whitlock Bros.

TOBY, FLY, BILLY, AND JIMMY II.

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by those who disapproved of the change. This has caused both the light-weights and the heavy-weights to approach the medium-sized dogs, so that now there is not a single even moderate sixteen-pounder in the country, and not a score of good bull-terriers over 40lb. Of quite recent years, however, there has been an immense advance made by the toy bull-terrier, the average weight of which is perhaps 7lb., a capital specimen, but



T. Fall.

## PONY QUEEN.

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for her brindle markings—as for exhibition purposes bull-terriers should be all white—having been the fine-skulled little Pony Queen now recently dead. A nice flat-headed, good-skulled dog likewise is the powerful heavy-weight Toby, whilst the white English terrier Jimmy, depicted in the quartette seated by the iron gates, is an unusually good specimen of this refined breed, which possesses many of the external characteristics of the bull-terrier without the latter's substance and bone.

A fine stamp of Irish terrier is represented in Bob, whose photograph must carry back the minds of many of the older doggy-men to that period in the middle of the seventies when, thanks to the efforts of Mr. George Krehl and Dr. Carey, the Irish terriers were emerging from the ranks of "tinkers' dogs," as their opponents dubbed them, and the beautiful Erin, Sting, and Sporter were accepted as representing what the true type of Dare Devil should be like. Nowadays the Irish terrier is one of the most popular of all the numerous varieties of dog, and it is impossible to put him out of his place. If a hedgerow has to be worked he is at once all there; he can follow a vehicle or catch a bolted rabbit with equal ease; whilst for pluck and stamina he knows no superior. A thoroughly game variety also is the hard-haired Scottish terrier, so adequately represented in the groups by the brindle Fly; but it must be admitted by the admirers of



Carl Pletsner.

## BOB.

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the breed that the Irishmen are their superiors for speed, as the short legs of the Scots prevent their covering the ground very speedily, though the remarkably thick soles of their feet and the hard wiry hair between the toes render them very useful dogs indeed for working on stony ground, or where the earths they have to enter lie amongst rocks. The hard-haired Scottish terrier, or Die Hard, as his admirers love to call him, became popular in England shortly after the Irish terrier, an attempt being made for some unknown reason to introduce him to the public here under the title of the Aberdeen terrier. This was, of course, an obvious misnomer, for the breed has been known and bred almost from time immemorial in far more northern parts of Scotland, a very fine strain having been possessed by the Established Church minister of Resolis, in the Black Isle. There was a good deal of disagreement likewise between the leading breeders of the North upon the question of certain points, and the controversy spread into this country, where at one time it seemed probable that the huge bat-eared type would become popular. Some twenty years ago, however, Mr. Vero Shaw, who possessed some influence with his fellow-countrymen beyond the Tweed, was requested by the opposing factions of Aberdeen, Dundee, and Glasgow to draw up a standard of points, and was so fortunate in his attempt as to satisfy the breeders of the North and South, that without exception the most prominent of them attached their signatures to his standard, and since that day the hard-haired Scottish terrier, as it was decided to name the variety, has never looked back.

Sir Raymond Tyrer Whit Wilson's terriers, however, are not the only favoured occupants of his kennel, for, as will be seen in



T. Fall.

## ZOU-ZOU, FLY, AND ZOE.

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an accompanying illustration, he is the possessor of a capital pair of poodles in Zou-Zou and Zoé. Whether these are utilised for sporting purposes we cannot say, but as they are clipped in the orthodox fashion it is improbable that they are. The fact, however, remains that the poodle is quite a first-rate water dog by nature, and indeed it would be remarkable if this were not the case, for it would be singular if the ancestor of the Irish water-spaniel, to which honour the poodle rightly lays claim, were not as much at home when swimming as upon dry land. In conclusion, attention may be directed not only to the excellent condition in which Sir Raymond Tyrer Whit Wilson's dogs appear, but to the gratifying fact, which is so amply proved by the accompanying illustrations, that even the most pugnacious of terriers can be brought to live together in unity. This is a lesson which may profitably be laid to heart by those who keep dogs, and if we may be permitted to add an expression of our own opinion upon the matter, we may state that experience has taught us that the majority of the quarrels which occur in kennels are more often the fault of the masters than of the dogs.



## Recollections of Steeplechasing.—IV.

ANOTHER steeplechase course near London where we used to see capital sport, if not quite of the same class as that at Croydon, was Bromley, a pretty little course, with natural fences, and a favourite battle ground with owners of second-class horses. Not that I have not seen some really good horses running there, as, for instance, when that very high-class Irish chaser Torpedo, by Gunboat, beat those two good jumpers, Rathcline and Stanwick, for a little £40 plate. Fancy three such horses as these being seen out for such a trifling stake. I happened to know what was thought of Torpedo by his connections, because I offered £1,000 for him for a friend of mine the night before he went to run at Bromley. This, however, was at once refused, so that when the numbers went up next day for the race in question, and I found Rathcline, who belonged to the Hon. Luke White, of the Scots Guards (now Lord Annaley), and who had previously won the Guards' Cup at Sandown Park, a hot favourite, and heavily backed by all the Epsom division, where he was trained, I naturally had my "maximum" on the Irishman, on unusually advantageous terms for a good thing, and he won in a canter. Two good horses that used to win races over this course were Lord Marcus Beresford's Derviche and Caramel, the former a very useful customer over fences, by Fitz-Gladiator, and bred in France, and the latter a rare good slave, both over hurdles and on the flat, by Canary. Their owner used to have many a winning ride on these two useful servants in those days, and I doubt if he ever had two that did him much better service, or that he got more fun out of. I also remember seeing Mr. G. Dodson's Welsh-bred Goldfinder, who afterwards won the big steeplechase at Sandown Park in 1875, run nowhere in a little chase at Bromley, won by that good horse Diamond, by Dagobert. Both these were good horses of the old-fashioned type, that could carry big weights and stay over big countries.

Diamond was an Isle of Wight horse that used to win a lot of little hunt steeplechases in the South of England. Being offered at a bigish price to Mr. Arthur Yates, that gentleman agreed to buy him if he could beat a mare in his stable on certain terms. This he quite failed to do, but did enough to satisfy Mr. Yates, who bought him and won several races with him, though I think he went wrong before he had time to show his very best form. Goldfinder was bred in Pembroke-shire, the best district in England, Scotland, or Wales for growing fine big-boned, weight-carrying horses. I believe that the soil and climate there are very similar to those of the West of Ireland, but whatever may be the cause, some wonderfully good horses came from the South of Wales in those days. One of the best of these was Goldfinder, who was ridden in this race at Bromley by Mr. "Trewent," a nice horseman and a thorough sportsman, who unfortunately fell on evil days through the improvidence of his partner in a stableful of good horses which they ran together in the South of England in the early seventies. History hath it that his partner's affairs having reached a climax, a posse of bailiffs was sent down to take possession of the partnership horses. Fortunately, the owners somehow got wind of the intended raid, and ordered a special train of horse-boxes to be ready at twelve o'clock that night at an unimportant railway station on the other side of the downs to the town in which the men of law were regaling themselves with cakes and ale, so that when these latter arrived, full fed and expectant, at the stables on the following morning there was nothing left for them to take possession of more valuable than a few stable implements and a cat or two.

Another useful jumper that ran in this same Bromley race was Captain Thorold's Marmora, a charming mare, by Chatanooga or Stockwell, that won a great number of races, and was generally ridden by Mr. "Peter" Crawshaw or Lord Marcus Beresford. These were three good animals to be seen out in a field of eight for a £50 plate. On the same day Industrious ran second for the Bromley Hurdle Handicap, and this was a very good horse over hurdles, as well as being useful on the flat, and he once beat Hampton, if I remember right.

Another meeting of the same sort, nearer to London—within the radius in fact—was that at Kingsbury. Unfortunately, it was its position which killed it, inasmuch as, being within a walk of the worst parts of London, the criminal classes assembled there in such numbers as to at last make the place "impossible," and the London County Council stopped it. This was a favourite meeting for getting weight off, though all the same I have seen plenty of good sport there. I remember there were a lot of good jumpers running at the first meeting I ever went there to ride at; including such as Diamond, Lucy, Goldfinder, Palm, one of the best-class horses that ever went to a fence; that good hurdler Industrious; Crawler, a very resolute cross-country performer, by Loiterer, on whom his owner, Mr. Arthur Yates, won a great many races; the useful little Ratcatcher, and Colonel Byrne's Lopez, by Ventre St. Gris. This was one of the horses

brought over by that popular "gunner" from France, at the time of the war, and very good bargains most of them were to him.

A number of French owners sent their horses across the Channel in those stormy times, many of which were by that good sire of jumpers, Ventre St. Gris. One of these subsequently came into my possession, curiously enough consequent on a gallop with the same mare that had tried Diamond for Mr. Yates. Knowing what that horse had done and mine could do with her, I thought I had got hold of a good horse, and so I had. He was very fast and a brilliant jumper, whilst his style of going was very suggestive of his being a good stayer. He met with an accident and broke his back, otherwise I have always thought he would have won a "Liverpool" with about 10st. 7lb. Such is luck!

One of the most remarkable features of the little country meetings of those days was the class of horse that used to run for £40 and £50 stakes. Thus at Reading, in 1874, I remember seeing Lopez and Harvester run a dead heat for the Whiteley Handicap of £5 each, with £50 added. Like most of the country meetings of thirty years ago, those at Reading have been killed by National Hunt legislation, and with them have disappeared the sort of horses that we used to see running at them. Another fine natural "country" was that at Crewkerne, where we always saw large fields and good sport, and where Mr. Arthur Yates used generally to win a race or two.

I can remember an amusing incident which happened there many years ago in connection with a horse that had once been my property. He was a beautifully-bred horse and a fairly useful animal over fences, but a terrible rogue, and there was only one course in England where he would ever try to win a race. Having got thoroughly sick of him, I sold him at Tattersall's, and he afterwards found his way into Somersetshire, where he ultimately became the property of a farmer, who changed his name and ran him in a farmers' race at Crewkerne, confined to *maidens* (the horse in question was not a maiden at all, having won two or three little hunt steeplechases). Not having run for a long time, and being moreover much "above himself," he condescended for once to do his best, and very nearly won, in fact would have done so had he been just a little fitter. So impressed with the performance was a friend of mine who happened to be there that directly after the race he tried to buy this farmer's "maiden," arguing that if he could run so well when "pig fat," he would make a good horse when he was trained. Fortunately for him a man who was with him at the time recollected the horse, and said, "Don't you remember him? Why, it's old —." So it was, sure enough, and the joke of the whole thing was that the intending purchaser had once known the old rascal well, having on several occasions run and ridden horses in the same races with him.

And mention of this horse, who was one of the most cunning brutes I have ever seen, reminds me that one of his accursed tricks was to invariably pretend he was lame whenever I was trying to sell him, though really there was nothing whatever the matter with him. He was a beautiful jumper and a brilliant hunter, but on one of his bad days nothing would induce him to go near a fence. I was very glad when I saw the last of him.

No one who has never owned race-horses, artful old hands at the jumping business especially, can imagine what a large number of them are confirmed "rogues." I don't know whether or not I have been more unfortunate than most men, but I have had an unpleasantly large number of this unsatisfactory sort through my hands at different times. One of these was a nice little horse that I bought out of a South Country stable to win a certain race, which he won. He was a beautiful jumper, and would win when it was no trouble to him, but he could never be trusted to fight out a finish. I therefore put him in a selling steeplechase at one of the meetings which used in those days to be held by the Messrs. Riddell, at their place near Enfield, on the north side of London. The numbers went up, and among them that of the only horse I feared, who had just won a sequence of maiden hunters' steeplechases, and had the reputation of being a bit above selling plate form. No sooner did I see him, however, than I at once recognised him as an old friend, who was neither a "maiden" nor a "hunter," and who rejoiced in a perfectly different name to that under which he was then running. My horse won, and the wrongly-described one, who started favourite, was second; but had he won I could, of course, have disqualified him, and his presence in the field enabled me to get a much better price about my own than I should otherwise have done.

His trainer, who was always absolutely above suspicion, was, of course, in utter ignorance of the animal's real identity, which must have somehow got changed in passing from one

hand to another, down in the country somewhere. In fact, I am perfectly certain that there always have been, and always will be, a great many more horses running under National Hunt Rules in wrong names and descriptions than anyone is aware of, and in the majority of cases probably from pure ignorance, and from no intentional dishonesty. I remember once buying a three year old filly at Tattersall's that was wrongly described in the catalogue. The mistake was, fortunately, found out before she ran, as she afterwards won several races over fences and hurdles. Another case of the same sort occurred to me one day when I looked in at Aldridge's to try to find a cheap hunter. The only thing I saw there that I fancied was a big thoroughbred chestnut, described as The Fox, pedigree unknown. Having bought him, I took him home, and found him to be one of the finest performers I had ever been on the back of.

How I got him at the price I did always puzzled me, until I happened one day to be in the West of England buying a horse, when I looked in at the Fox Inn for lunch.

My companions began talking about a deal that a friend of theirs, whom I happened to know, had made there a few months before. Some of their remarks made me think, and two or three questions of mine resulted in my making the discovery that my recent purchase was one of the best-bred horses in the Stud Book, which had been sold at the inn we were then sitting in. His purchaser, meaning no harm, called him The Fox, because he had bought him at the hotel of that name, and when, not liking him, he sent him up to Aldridge's to be sold he no doubt forgot what his real name and pedigree were.

He was really a very good horse, and I remember his giving 2st. and an easy beating at home to a little bay mare that I had then, who was winning hunters' steeple-chases; but in public he would not try a yard, although oddly enough he would always "try" to be second. At the same time there is no doubt that there always have been certain persons who lay themselves out to win races "on the cross," and I shall have an amusing story to tell of one or two of these in a future article.

OUTPOST.

## YACHTING IN LONDON.

A FEW weeks ago the writer of these lines formed one of a huge crowd on the Thames Embankment. It was damp and chill, a fine mist fell, the roadway was ankle deep in mud, yet thousands of people stood motionless for hours watching two tiny boats moving slowly across a screen. Cold and wet and discomfort were forgotten as they cheered the Shamrock when she drew ahead, or groaned as Columbia went to the front. News boys were shouting "Declaration of war!" England was entering on the greatest fight, the most momentous struggle, of forty years, but the crowd forgot it all for a yacht race. Foreigners came by, shrugged their shoulders, murmured some flattering allusion to "mad Englishmen," and passed along, not perceiving the real meaning of what they saw, nor understanding that that crowd typified in its own way the impulse of the race.

To begin an article on the toy boats of London by reference to the two great yachts of England and America, most swift and shapely of all things that move wind-driven on the sea, may seem a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, the bringing



W. A. Rouch.

STARTING AILSA ON A WIND.

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into life a mouse from the throes of the mountain. And yet, perhaps, the subjects are not so very wide asunder. The interest excited by the America Cup race was due, we take it, to its being a race between yachts. There was, indeed, the spirit of rivalry

which all sporting contests arouse in our sport-loving people, but underlying it all was that which we have termed the impulse of race—the deeply-seated love of the sea, the fine intolerance of finding a superior on the element we hold to be our own. And the same lesson may be learnt on every stretch of coast, on every reach of river, on every pond. For it is most certain that there is a something in the English blood—something that perhaps has come to us from our far-off Viking ancestry—that draws the English to the sea. It is towards the sea that the dreams and desires of boyhood go—the sea with its wonders, its adventures and its triumphs; the sea life presents itself as the acme of human happiness. With the political and commercial results of this we are not concerned—they are written in the world's history; we offer it in explanation of the passion of the Englishman for boats, great and small.

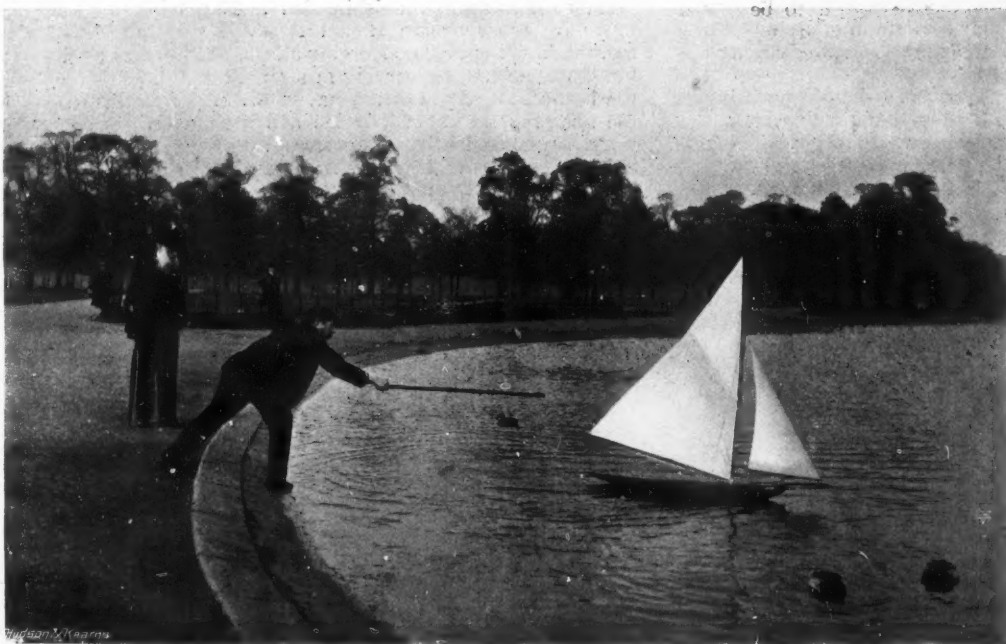


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TOPSY GOING ABOUT—A RISKY POSITION.

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It is a passion which comes early to maturity. To the small boy, scarcely emancipated from the perambulator, comes the yearning for a boat all his own, and therewith, too, his first lesson in thrift. Aided by a money-box, which no human ingenuity will open, he saves and saves until the day when he too can launch his tiny barque upon the Round Pond. He is at first but a timid mariner, suffering not his precious boat to venture beyond the restraining limits of a cord. But hardihood arrives with age and habit, until at last comes the supreme moment when he trims the sail with unskilful hand and sends forth the tiny craft on her first real voyage. How anxiously he follows her erratic course, trembling when she lies down under a sudden squall, triumphant when her dripping sails emerge from the water, his whole heart going with her as she faces the perils of that great ocean; how eagerly he toddles round to meet her, glowing with all the pride of a great and successful voyage. It is a pleasing sight to be seen in Kensington Gardens on any day of summer, and on many a day of winter, too. There are tragic scenes also, scenes of shipwreck, when the vessel, insufficiently ballasted, is overborne by the storm and goes down all standing; times when the vessel is boarded by young ducks as by pirates, and in fancy he sees her being borne away to their lair; dire collisions, when the boats, locked in a close embrace, revolve in the centre of the pond, refusing to come to shore, and their owners are borne away shrieking at their bereavement. But the park keepers are kindly, and the ships survive to make many another crossing.

This is the earliest stage of his nautical evolution, when he is, so to say, at the mercy of the winds, and chance alone directs his vessel's course. As he advances the Arcana of boat sailing unfold themselves, he begins to distinguish between running, reaching, and beating, he pierces the mysteries of going broad or close hauled. He lays his course for some definite port, and great is his glory if he manages, even approximately, to attain it. He becomes the owner of a larger boat, he picks up wrinkles from the master of the art, and with increasing knowledge come wider ambitions. He goes some summer to the sea, he sees for the first time the dainty white-winged yachts skim across the broad expanse of blue, and dreams of the time when he too can own a yacht, feeling that with such a possession future would have no more to give him. It is curious the reverence with which we regard the owner of a yacht, all of us of every age. It makes no difference whether

she is a stately palace of 600 tons or a tiny speck whose cabin is a tight fit for one, the great fact remains that she is a yacht. To own her raises a man in our esteem, not because it argues in him superior wealth, but because, regarding the sea as our own dominion and property, we dimly feel that he has in some sort come into his heritage. Let us hope that the boyish dreamer will one day come into it too.

But it is not for every man to get to Corinth. The obstacles in the way are many—want of means, family ties, the claims of business, lack of opportunity. A sea-going yacht must remain a dream for the man as for the boy, but the passion which prompts it remains undiminished, and finds its vent in the building and sailing of model yachts.

Model yacht sailing is not a mere idle or childish waste of time, as some scornfully pretend, but a serious undertaking, which involves great dexterity and skill in designer, builder, and navigator, and which is a solid livelihood to very many people. There are, so far as we know, no accurate statistics as to the extent and value of the toy fleets of England, but the sum would be very astonishing were it set forth in figures. On a fine day as many as eighty boats may be seen together on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, varying in value from a couple of shillings to thirty pounds. And the same thing, though on a lesser scale, may be seen throughout the country. This, however, opens up too large a field of speculation—we would devote ourselves rather to the subject as it affects London.

There are in the metropolis many model yacht clubs, whose members sail on the waters at Clapham, Battersea Park, the Serpentine, and indeed wherever suitable water can be found. But the Round Pond may perhaps be considered the Cowes of the metropolitan yachting world. Behind the Orangery is a low building hidden by greenery and surmounted by a flagstaff. It is the home of two clubs, the London Model Yacht Club and the Model Yacht Sailing Association. Entering, we find ourselves in a veritable dockyard. There are long rows of yachts fixed in cradles, their sails hanging loose, yachts of every shape and pattern, varying in everything but size. We see boats like skimming dishes fitted with single or double fins, boats with long shallow keels, and boats with keels short and wedge-shaped. There is a controversy of long standing as to the respective merits of their builds, and though keels are now in fashion, the champions of the fins are not silent. They point to the speed of their boats, to which their opponents reply that they



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STARTING FOR THE BEAT HOME.

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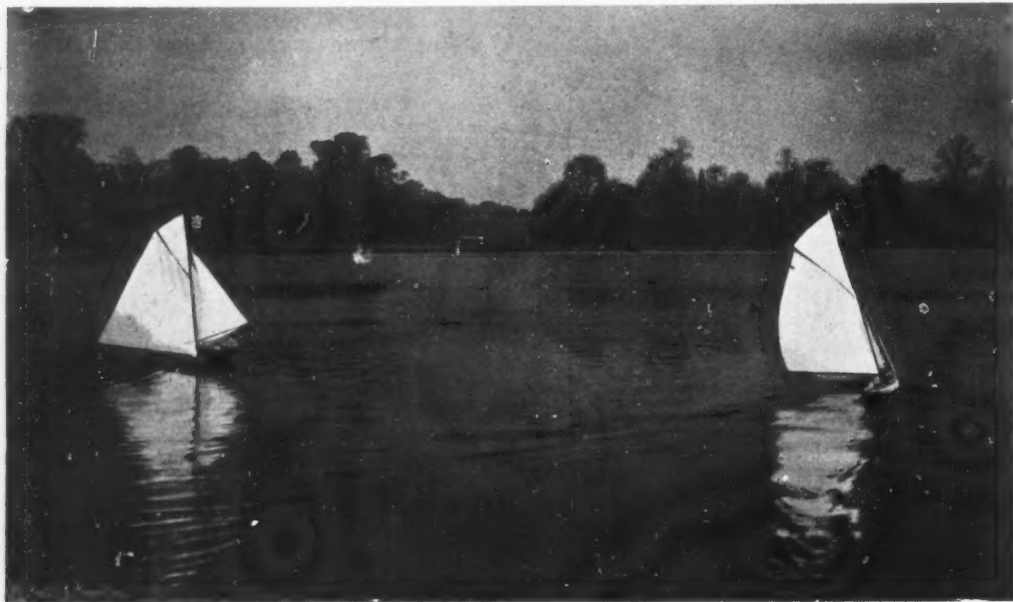
are less steady and trustworthy, too apt, as it were, to be blown about by every wind of doctrine. Far be it from us to express our opinions or to intervene in the sometimes heated discussions of the rival theorists.

But though they differ in their lines and build—some being hollowed from the solid block and others built with ribs and planking—in size the boats of the two clubs are similar. Those of the London are the larger, 15-raters, while the M.Y.S.A. are content with 10-raters. As a fact the hulls of these two ratings do not differ in the proportion of three to two. The average water-line of a 15 is about 44in. to 45in., that of a

ordinary sail, some with spinnakers. But spinnakers are not much in favour on the Round Pond. For through the trees surrounding it are cut converging alleys, down which as through funnels come breezes varying in strength and direction, baffling the best-meant efforts of the navigator. Accordingly too often the spinnaker is but a delusion and a snare, which the more wary avoid, contenting themselves with artful contrivances in the way of guys and gybing lines, and a nice calculation as to the weighting of the rudder.

In running before the wind a large rudder is used, with sockets for the introduction of leaden weights; in beating a tiny unweighted wooden rudder is employed. The sailing rules are simple. Each member has

a bamboo pole of a certain length with which he may put his boat about when in beating she approaches the shore. This is the prettiest work of all, especially in a close-fought struggle near the winning line, and productive sometimes of risky positions, as may be seen in our photographs. If in running a boat touches land her trim must be altered—the commodore is depicted doing this service to the May. And now the boats are off, followed by their owners ready to render them any necessary assistance. An easy, even a lazy, task this if the wind be light, but when it sweeps down in fierce gusts it is an exhilarating sight to see a gentleman no longer young nor s'lim rushing wildly round the pond, one eye fixed on his boat, the other on the children and perambulators that beset his path. It



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MAY AND ELDRED—A CLOSE STRUGGLE.

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10 about 38in. The distinction is, indeed, somewhat arbitrary, and is intended for the regulation of the sail area. The formula for this is simple:  $6,000 \times \text{the rating} \div \text{the water-line}$ . Thus in a 15-rater of 45in. water-line you divide 90,000 by 45 and you get your sail area, 2,000 square inches.

The care and trouble involved in the building of one of these boats is very great. Mr. Fife never gave more thought to the planning of one of his masterpieces than do the designers of a model yacht to thinking out her lines. New experiments are always being tried, and their results are eagerly awaited and hotly, sometimes even acrimoniously, discussed. And when the design is complete there remains the work of the builder, work requiring the highest skill and care. As an example of this a builder told the writer that when he placed his boat in the water fully equipped her displacement was correct to a sixteenth of an inch. The cutting and fitting of the sails too is a matter of the highest importance, seeing that there is no guiding hand at the helm, and that therefore the steadiness of the boat depends to a great extent on the perfection of her sails. At last, after many weeks of anxious work, the new boat is christened, passed by the official measurer, and ready to go forth to do battle with her peers.

Let us assist at one of the regattas of the London Model Yacht Club, to whose commodore and members the writer's thanks are due for their kindly interest and assistance in the preparation of this article. It is a quiet October day, the clouds move softly before a westerly breeze, there are quick alternations of light and shade. The boats are grouped on the green grass, while their owners anxiously study the capricious airs. Five boats are to compete to-day—Ailsa, the crack vessel of the club; May, the property of the commodore; Isolde, Eldred, and Topsy, the latter a new boat whose capabilities are yet unknown.

The matches are sailed in heats, each boat sailing two boards against each of her rivals, one board to windward and one to leeward, three points being awarded for the beat and two for the run. They start first for the run, some under their

is a fine trial for the temper this racing on such water as the Round Pond, when one's boat has secured a good lead and then gets becalmed in the lee of the trees, or when she falls foul of some wretched craft whose topmast barely reaches her bowsprit, and revolves aimlessly in mid-sea. Very trying, too, is it in a beat when a gust comes down some alley and she luffs up suddenly with her way gone and all her sails ashake. Small wonder, then, that we see in the human competitors alternations of hope and despair, and hear outbursts of genial triumph, or sometimes, be it whispered, the faint echo of an execration. It is really very exciting. The last heat of the day has been reached, and May and Ailsa are equal upon points, and in front



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GROUPED ON THE GREEN GRASS.

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of all the others. The two yachts run neck and neck before the wind. Their owners are old hands, up to every move of the game, every vagary of the fickle breeze. First one catches the wind and leads, loses it and falls behind. And then a dreadful thing happens, as a quite unexpected slant of wind catches May, she falls off, and Ailsa glides ahead, never to be caught again. Still the three points to be earned on the beat to windward may yet give May the victory. The wind has backed to the southward, sheets are eased away a little in order, if possible, to make the winning line on one tack. Ailsa has the windward station and opens up a lead. Three-parts of the way across May closes



up the gap, Ailsa loses the wind, and falls away to leeward as May comes up under her stern to the weather berth. Forty yards from the line May leads, in roys. more Ailsa heads her, then May goes to the front once more; there are only a few feet yet to go, and then Ailsa gets a lucky puff, slips by, and wins by a bare length, asserting once more her claim to be considered the champion of the club.

And then the dusk closes in, the shadows thicken under the trees, and in the club-room the members meet to discuss things

nautical and perhaps something still more soothing, and to fight out once more their rival theories, backing their opinions with divers challenges and—the Englishman's final argument—a wager. For all are enthusiasts—the youth with large ambitions, the lawyer and merchant who beside the water forget courts and ledgers, the old sea captain for whom in the mimic sports the shadow on the dial goes back, while there comes to him a whiff of the merry sea breeze he knew and loved so well. And long may the English people love the sea.



## AT THE THEATRE.

IN "The Rose of Persia" we have the most attractive comic opera the Savoy has given us since "The Gondoliers," which was a long time ago. For the first time since his dissolution of partnership with Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Sir Arthur Sullivan has found a congenial

librettist, and he has risen to the occasion. The new work is full of beauty and charm.

It has not the "catchiness" of the best of the old series, of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado"; Sir Arthur has been more ambitious in his score than previously in works of this genre; the music is more complex, less superficially melodious than its predecessors from the same pen, and the orchestration is even fuller and more detailed. But we must not be misunderstood; there are numbers in "The Rose of Persia" as full of tune as any which have gone before, only there are not so many of them; their place has been taken by music of the kind which "grows on" one, which we know will please even more on the second hearing than the first. But there are songs to be heard at the Savoy which will speedily be heard in the four quarters of the town; notably the drinking song, "For, though the cup," "When my father sent me to Ispahan," "Musical maidens are we," the dancing Dervish trio, "Our tale is told," "It has reached me a lady named Hubbard," "There was once a small street arab," and others; while there are several pretty dances. On the other hand, Sir Arthur's concerted music is as fine as anything he has previously given us in comic opera—the finale to the first act, especially, is beautifully written.

Captain Basil Hood, without providing anything very startling in the way of a story, has written a "book" worthy the traditions of the Savoy, the first of which this can be said since the old Savoyard, Mr. Gilbert, ceased to be the librettist of the theatre. There is ingenuity in his incidents and grace in his dialogue, wit and adroitness in his versification. He has gone to an Eastern story for the foundation of his plot, which, however, would lose most of its attractions in the narration. The chief figure is one Hassan, a rich man of Persia, with a mania for going into the byways and there collecting the rag, tag, and bobtail, the halt, the maimed, and the blind, bringing them to his house and there feasting them on the fat of the land, and having them waited upon by his five-and-twenty beautiful wives, even though he is quite aware that the majority of his *bénéficiaires* are cadgers, make-believes, and swindlers. His excuse for this hobby is that he, too, was once an impostor—a financial charlatan.

"So I came to town, where I said that I  
Was owner of an island,  
Where the sea-birds flocked—and by-and-bye  
The gulls did flock to my land!  
As a sample soil I had mixed some loam  
With gold to make it gritty;  
A prophet I'd never been made at home—  
But made one in the City!"

He is condemned to death by the Emperor for his attitude towards the riff-raff, and saturates himself with "bhang" in order pleasantly to dream away the time until his head is cut off. Just previously, however, there have entered his palace four dancing girls, who are really the Sultana and

her slaves in disguise, anxious to see the world for themselves. The rank of his chief visitor is disclosed to him, and this, with the hallucinations caused by the drug, makes him believe that he is the Sultan. Accordingly, when that monarch, indulging in one of his common pranks, comes to Hassan disguised as a dancing Dervish, he finds that befuddled gentleman posing as his Royal self, and gives orders to everyone that Hassan is to be humoured in his belief.

But when Hassan offers to prove his rank to any doubter by producing the Sultana herself, the real sovereign begins to get angry, and threatens dire vengeance on the foolhardy lady, whoever she may be, that has dared to impersonate the Empress. In the second act we see poor Hassan installed as Sultan, and the complications which arise before the Sultana and the rest of them get out of their scrape. Hassan is condemned to death, and escapes only by his nimbleness of wit. The Emperor commands him to tell him a story, and to be sure that it has a happy ending. Hassan tells him the story of his own life, and as the king has commanded a happy ending, he must, of course, pardon him or this result will not be achieved.

It is all very sprightly and whimsical, told, as it is, with the grace and beauty of accessory we find at the Savoy; by the aid of a pretty chorus which knows how to sing, an orchestra ever soft and low, an excellent thing in orchestras when they are engaged in accompanying the singers on the stage; adorned with handsome scenery and tasteful dresses. The acting honours of the evening fell to Mr. Walter Passmore, as Hassan, of whom he made an exceedingly droll figure; the singing honours to Mr. Evett, whose voice is very attractive, and who sings with feeling. Admirably seconded were they by Mr. H. A. Lytton, the Sultan, Miss Louie Pounds, one of the slaves, and Miss Rosina Brandram, one of Hassan's wives. The newcomer, whose advent caused much curiosity, Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, an American lady, was a disappointment to the critical, though her abnormal high notes apparently delighted the audience. Miss Isabel Jay and Miss Emmie Owen lent vivacity to the performance, and helped to obtain for "The Rose of Persia" an unanimously hearty reception.

"THE Absent-minded Beggar" will probably attract a good many people to the Princess's Theatre who do not usually go to Oxford Street for their theatrical entertainment. Not that Mr. Arthur Shirley's melodrama is on a higher plane than is customary, as, for instance, was "Two Little Vagabonds," but it deals with matters with which the national mind is occupied to the exclusion of almost all else; it presents vivid pictures of the war, seen through melodramatic spectacles, exaggerated and merely theatrical in parts, it is true, but sufficiently vivid to interest and to please the set of emotions now rioting through the country.

It is not with Mr. Shirley's story—a very hackneyed one—that the more enlightened playgoer will concern himself (in fact, it is not as a playgoer in the real meaning of the term that he will visit the Princess's at all, but as a spectator of a set of moving tableaux), but with his incidents and warlike episodes. The scenes of the beleaguered garrison at Ladysmith; of the veldt, with the escaping women and children and their small



escort attacked by the Boers, and relieved by a realistic and convincing armoured train spitting gunshot and hailing Maxim fire; of the splendid charge up the heights of Glencoe, most admirably pictured—these are the things we shall go to the Princess's for to see.

And, incidentally, we shall enjoy a piece of acting which is really refreshing. We have discovered a young actor of charm, virility, intelligence, power, and restraint in Mr. Harry Warner; he has personality, freshness, naturalness, earnestness, and a quiet force which is absolutely refreshing. His delivery of two fine speeches, the "apostrophe to the flag"—the poetical and chastened language of which leads us to hope that the author will not always be writing melodrama—and the graphic description of the ride across the veldt, gasped out after he has tumbled from his horse, fainting with hunger and fatigue, was a delight in these days when actors seem to know no middle way between monotony and rant. The career of Mr. Warner will be watched with much interest. And his appearance in "The Absent-minded Beggar," equally with the scenes of war, should draw to the Princess's Theatre a goodly number of those to whom melodrama under ordinary conditions has no magnetic quality.

THE famous novel of "Ben Hur" is to be dramatised at last—it is a great task. For years its author, General Lew Wallace, has resisted the blandishments of the playwright, but at last he has succumbed, and a stage version, arranged by Mr. William Young, is to be presented in New York. Should it prove successful, there is little doubt that it will eventually make its way to London. "Ben Hur" upon the stage will be a colossal spectacle, and for the due presentment of the Chariot Race and the miraculous Star of Bethlehem which guides the Wise Men across the desert, all the inventive faculty of the stage managers of the most inventive race on earth has been brought to bear.

The drama will be presented in fifteen tableaux. The first shows us the meeting at night of the Wise Men in the desert. We proceed with them to the house-top of the palace of Ithamar in Jerusalem, on the day of the triumph of Gratius, the Procurator, who is making his entry into the Holy City. Then we are taken to the interior of a galley, where Ben Hur is a slave. The sinking of the ship and Ben Hur's fight to save the Roman tribune follow, after which we see the wreck strewn sea and the rescue by another vessel of the Roman fleet. The house of Simonides at Antioch forms the next scene, and then Ben Hur goes to see the practice of the chariot racers in the groves of Daphne, passing from the entrance to the grove to the Temple of Apollo, where there is a grand procession. The play next discloses the tents of Ilderim, in the Orchard of Palms. A moonlight scene on the lake bordering the Orchard of Palms brings before us the boat of Ben Hur and his enchantment by the Egyptian Iras. To this succeeds the greatest scene of all, Antioch on the day of the great games, the place being the corridors of the Circus Maximus. Hence to the arena itself with the great race in progress. Ben Hur's triumph is followed by his renewed quest of his mother and sister, and we follow him to Jerusalem again and then to the Cave of the Lepers in the Vale of Hinnom.

It is to be hoped that the American success of the play will be such that those responsible for it will be encouraged to bring it to London. Nothing more startling could be imagined if the design as set out is fulfilled.

Yet another famous novel will make its appearance on the stage—and once again first in America. Mr. Stanley Weyman's "A Gentleman of France" is being prepared for dramatic representation.

"Miss Holbe," a kind of modern version of "The Taming of the Shrew," by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, has made a great success in New York, with Miss Annie Russell in the chief character. "The Christian" having, fortunately, "failed to attract" at our Duke of York's Theatre, Mr. Frohman has decided to produce Mr. Jerome's play here, with Miss Evelyn Millard and Mr. Herbert Waring in the principal characters.

It is more than probable that Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, ejected from the Prince of Wales's Theatre by the return of Mr. Martin Harvey, will transfer their management to the Royalty Theatre. It is sincerely to be hoped that this is true, for theirs is an enterprise which can ill be spared. There is no reason at all why they should not permanently establish themselves in the little theatre in Soho. With the attraction of their names, and good plays, this pretty little playhouse could easily be made popular and fashionable once more. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, some years ago, proved that, had he persisted, he would have made the Royalty one of the recognised houses of comedy in London. Such is the success of "The Sacrament of Judas" and "The Canary" that they will be continued in the new home of Mr. Robertson and Mrs. Campbell.

PIEBUS.



THE racing season of 1899, which came to an end at Manchester a fortnight ago, will hardly live in history as a memorable one. That the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger were won by a really great colt in Flying Fox does not admit of a moment's argument, but it is equally certain that the remainder of his own age are moderate, Ercildoune being troubled with some sort of infirmity which prevented his being at his best on more than one or two occasions during the season, whilst Scintillant's prospects were blighted, at any rate until the autumn, by a cowardly disposition. Even these two were neither of them within hail of the Duke of Westminster's champion, and the less said about the remainder the better, except, perhaps, Lord Edward II. Of the older division, Cyllene stands out by himself as one of the most bloodlike and best race-horses of the day, and without these two—Flying Fox and Cyllene—mediocrity would have been the leading feature of this year's first-class form.

The handicap form of the season was probably quite up to the average, and between the victories of General Peace at Lincoln, and that of the very improved Proclamation at Manchester, we saw a great number of handicaps won by good horses in their own class of business. Especially was this the case with the Cambridgeshire, which was won by that good Irish filly, Irish Ivy, from a very high-class field of handicappers. Kilcock, Eager, and Ugly all kept up their reputation as exceptionally brilliant sprinters, whilst among the juveniles I should certainly put the improving Forfarshire first, though the American Democrat runs him close. I have reason to think, however, that the English colt is likely to make the more improvement of the two between now and next March. The Australian Longy is a really nice colt, of whom there is no saying that he will not make the best three year old of the lot, whilst of the fillies I have a great liking for Vain Duchess, by Isinglass out of Sweet Duchess, by Hagioscope from Grand Duchess, by Lozenge, son of Sweetmeat. What a grand combination this is of Birdcatcher, Touchstone, and Blacklock, with a strain of Sweetmeat thrown in to nick with the Birdcatcher blood and make up an almost ideal pedigree. However, I may have something to say next week about the pedigrees of all those I have mentioned, and several others as well, so will not enlarge on this subject at present.

Flying Fox's doughtiest opponent throughout his three year old career, and indeed of his whole life up to now, has undoubtedly been the luckless French colt Holocauste, by Le Sancy, son of Atlantic out of Bougie, by Bruce. That this was a very exceptional colt I am quite certain, and had he been kept fresh and well for our Derby, instead of being sent to the post stale and sore, he would certainly have made matters very hot even for Flying Fox. One of the features of the season was the extraordinary success of the American-bred two year olds, of whom Democrat, by Sensation, a great grandson of Sir Hercules in tail male, out of Equality, by Rayon d'Or, was the principal. Two other American winners were the three year old Caiman, also a direct tail male descendant of Sir Hercules out of Happy Day, by Cœruleus, son of Beadsmen; and Sibola, of the same age, by The Sailor Prince, by Albert Victor (Touchstone) out of Saluda, by Mortemer, of Gladiator descent.

Among the Australians who have done duty on English race-courses, the two most successful have been Merman, by Grand Flaneur, son of Yattendon, out of Seaweed, by Rosicrucian, a good honest staying horse, who won the Goodwood Stakes and Cup; and Newhaven II., one of the finest horses ever seen, and an undoubtedly great race-horse, who won this year's City and Suburban Handicap, carrying 9st., and is by Newminster, by The Marquis, son of Stockwell, out of Oceana, by St. Albans, son of Blair Athol, by Stockwell. It may, therefore, be said to have been a great season for American and Australian bred horses, the former especially, whilst another of its remarkable features has been the success of American jockeys riding in their own peculiar fashion. Of the advantages and disadvantages of this, the merits of letting horses alone to run their own races, as against the obvious difficulties of holding a horse straight or having any real control over him whilst sitting on his neck, so much has been from time to time written in these notes that I need say no more about them here, except that in my opinion the success of American jockeys has been due more to their knowledge of pace and the fact that they allow their horses to run their races in the best time they are capable of than to anything else.

Statistics are but dull reading, and I will therefore not enlarge on the facts that the Duke of Westminster, thanks to Flying Fox, heads the list of winning owners of the season, closely pursued by Lord William Beresford; that John Porter, Huggins, and Elsey are the first three on the list of successful trainers; or that Sam Loates is at the head of the poll among the winning jockeys of the season. When, however, we come to the winning stallions for the year, we open up quite a different field, and one which is always of the greatest interest to a very large number of people. A study of this subject must always be interesting to all those who like to follow the science of breeding bloodstock, not only from the light it throws on past results, but also as a guide to the future, and a much more reliable one than most people seem to suppose. That Orme, by Ormonde out of Angelica (sister to St. Simon), by Galopin from St. Angela, by King Tom, should head the list with £46,703 is not wonderful, considering that Flying Fox's £37,415 has been augmented by the victories of such as Convoy, Harrow, Frontier, Paigle, and others. That Orme, who was one of the most gallant race-horses I ever saw, would make a great sire I felt convinced from the moment in which I saw his first lot of foals, but that he would have gone to the top of the tree so rapidly, and in such decisive fashion, too, was more than anyone could have expected. The American-bred Sensation, sire of Democrat (£13,000) and Dominic II. (£3,641), comes next with £20,188 to his credit; and then St. Simon, who is credited with thirty-one wins worth £17,505, his principal winners being The Gorgon, Simon Dale, Diamond Jubilee, and Manners. Royal Hampton has done well for the Newminster family, as also have Donovan and St. Serf for the Galopin line, whilst the memory of good old Hampton, now, alas! dead, is still kept alive by twelve winners of twenty-four races worth nearly £10,000. The same line is also better represented by Sheen than it ever has been before by the stoutly-bred son of Hampton and Radiancy, by Tibthorpe, whilst the house of Birdcatcher, which has been carrying all before it, has gained fresh honour through its representatives Bona Vista, Martagon, and Kendal, all three sons of the Eaton-bred sire Bend Or.

I shall have something more to say on this very interesting subject in my next week's notes, after which I hope to continue my last winter's researches into the different lines of blood in the Stud Book, both through its sires and also through its mares, of whom we have lately learnt so much that is both interesting and instructive from Mr. Bruce Lowe's invaluable work on this hitherto little-known key to the science of breeding. As applied to the sires advertised for the forthcoming season now near at hand this may not be uninteresting to some, at any rate, of the readers of this paper.

## BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

FOR the next four months the duty of those whose business it is to write about racing will resemble that of making bricks without straw. Not that there will be no racing to write about, but because sport under National Hunt Rules has sunk to such a low ebb that it is impossible to make anything really interesting out of it. To go shivering about to winter meetings watching weedy broken-down cast-offs from flat racing—such of them as will "try," that is to say, over hurdles—can interest no one but their unfortunate owners and those who are foolish enough to take the false prices about them, which are all that one ever gets at meetings of this sort; whilst the spectacle of



half-a-dozen or so of half-schooled steeplechasers scrambling as best they can over sloping regulation fences that any polo pony could jump can hardly be called an exhilarating form of amusement.

And if there is no interest in the sport itself, which there certainly no longer is, except for a very small number of persons, how on earth is anyone to write anything worth reading about it? Steeplechasing originated in the hunting-field, and for a long time the great majority of steeplechase meetings were held in the country. Whilst this was so they were well supported by the hunting division, and were exceedingly popular with all classes of country society. The townspeople then demanded their share of the sport, and enclosed courses with artificial "countries" sprang up near most of the big towns. For a brief period, then, there were two sorts of sport going on simultaneously under National Hunt Rules—the good old-fashioned chasing at country meetings, over natural courses, and the new artificial business round enclosed courses and over made fences. Then it was that the National Hunt Committee made its fatal mistake. There was no reason why both these forms of sport should not have flourished side by side, the real thing for sportsmen, and the imitation business for holiday-makers and gamblers. Unfortunately, however, those in authority elected to legislate entirely for the artificial branch of the sport under their control, with the inevitable and obvious result that real steeplechasing has practically ceased to exist, that the country meetings and the old-fashioned natural courses over which they took place have died out, and that neither hunting men nor the country people generally any longer take the smallest interest in the artificial substitute for the real thing.

To deal with such sport as we saw last week, there were meetings at Newmarket, Kempton Park, and Sandown Park. Sport at the first-named rendezvous was poor indeed, that at Kempton Park was spoilt by fog, whilst the racing at the Esher fixture contrasts but poorly with what we used once to see at this popular enclosure. At Newmarket that nicely-bred five year old Yorkmint, by Minting out of Lily of Lumley, won the St. Andrew Steeplechase, and is undoubtedly a promising young chaser. Old Grimpow very nearly won the Wood Ditton Handicap Hurdle Race, being beaten only by the Australian-bred Manazona, who will probably be useful over sticks with practice. Sister Elizabeth won the Crockford's Handicap Steeplechase, carrying 11st. 12lb.

On the second day we had one of the new Welter Flat Races lately sanctioned by the Jockey Club, with the double object of encouraging long-distance racing at the time of year most suited to it, and of imparting a little much-needed interest to National Hunt Meetings. Unfortunately, the latter body are again so blind to their own interests as to refuse to make the very trifling but necessary amendment to one of their rules, and so this well-intentioned and useful legislation on the part of the senior body has hitherto been denied a chance of benefiting the winter sport. Nevertheless, we always see one of these races at the Newmarket Autumn Meeting, and on Wednesday in last week the Cheveley Cup, as it is named, was won by Invincible II., who had recently run second to Proclamation at Derby and Manchester.

But for the unwelcome fog we might have had better sport at Kempton Park. As it was we saw little or nothing. Another Waler won a race, namely, Tornado II., who took the Sunbury Hurdle Race Plate, and as Rococo was amongst the beaten lot there may have been merit in the performance, although he had all the best of it with Mr. Dobell's horse at weight for age. The Kempton Park November Hurdle Handicap was won by Spinning Boy, but as Irish Girl gave him 29lb. and ran him to a length, the form was not very grand. There were one or two useful chasers among the dozen that went to the post for the Stewards' Steeplechase of two miles, including Dead Level, 11st., Sweet Charlotte, 12st. 7lb., and Chair of Kildare, 11st. 11lb. The last-named was naturally made favourite, and was well in front as they disappeared in the fog. When they were seen again, close home, he was out of it, and after a good race Berners beat Little Cicestrian, 10st. 13lb., by a length, with Dead Level third, and the favourite fourth. The winner is by Sir Bevis, and showed some smart form at the end of last season. He is probably a useful five year old at his own game.

There was an interesting match at Sandown Park on Friday between the six year old Palmerston, carrying 10st., and the aged Villiers, with the same weight, over four miles and a quarter on the flat. Villiers naturally started favourite, but the other made all the running for the last two miles, and won by six lengths. Possibly Villiers was not inclined to do his best. The winner was trained and ridden by Mr. Thurbay. Manazona, carrying 11st. 12lb., started favourite for the Grand Annual Hurdle Race, on the strength of his Newmarket victory, but the class was better here, and he had nothing to do with a finish between Mast Head and Montauk, of which pair the first-named won by a head, with 14lb. the best of the weights. Cusendun beat eight rivals in the Priory Steeplechase, thereby enhancing the form of Yorkmint and King's Head, both of whom beat him at Newmarket, and the useful old Swaledale, by Esterling, showed that he will win plenty more races over hurdles by beating that smart four year old Gralloch, Coffee Cooler, and four others in the December Hurdle Race.

The Great Sandown Steeplechase, great only in name in these days, was won by a useful chaser in Shaker, but he beat a very moderate lot, and he is probably capable of better things than this. Of those that finished behind him Lord Arrava's is certainly the best, and Shaker might not have succeeded in giving Lord William Beresford's horse 21lb. had the latter not fallen two fences from home. Gentle Ida is a clinking good mare when she is fit and well, which is not always, but it was asking too much of her to give 21lb. to Breemount's Pride in the Ladies' N.H. Flat Race. She made a gallant effort to do so, and was only defeated by little more than a length. Altogether a remarkably tame week's sport, the best performers of which I take to be Yorkmint, Berners, Swaledale, Gentle Ida, and perhaps Montauk. These may all pay for following.

## Mr. Guy Bethell's Sale of Bloodstock.

THERE are many quiet and little-known stud farms scattered about in different parts of the country, which, if they attract less notice than larger and more pretentious establishments, nevertheless turn out quite as many winners. One of such is that belonging to Mr. Guy Bethell, who first started as a breeder in Hampshire, then moved to Charwelton in Northamptonshire, and having, since then, been compelled to move again to a place near Daventry, in the same county, where he is unable to obtain sufficient land for his purposes, is now giving up breeding, and selling his entire stud of stallions, brood mares, foals, and yearlings, as well as a few horses of his own breeding which he has in training. Hearing of this intended sale, and knowing what a number of useful animals have at different times been bought out of this

stud—Mary Seaton, Birch Rod, Darkness, Lady Ab'ess, and Fright, for instance—I last week went down to Mr. Bethell's place to see the various lots that are to come under the Messrs. Tattersall's hammer at Albert Gate on Monday, the 18th of this month.

To begin with the brood mares. The first I was shown was the beautifully-bred Silverwing, by Silvio out of Turtle dove, by Macaroni, and thus combining Birdcatcher and Sweetmeat. She is also the dam of Thuring and other winners, and is, moreover, a deep, lengthy mare of the wiry, useful sort, and in foal to that good horse Bird of Freedom. Secret Treasure (dam of Tribute), by Walenstein out of a Hampton mare, is rather small, but a thick, short-legged sort, right on the ground, and full of quality. She also is in foal to Bird of Freedom. There is no better-bred mare in the Stud Book than Half Inch, by Sir Bevis out of The Torch, own sister to Craig Millar, and bred by the late Mr. Hume Webster at Marden Deer Park. This is a really charming mare, and she is in foal to Glenwood, son of Ormonde—what more could anyone want? Even better I liked the lengthy, short-legged, wide-hipped Fair Penitent, by Edward the Confessor out of Shortbread, and straining back to Weatherbit and Miss Agnes. She is a real good sort, and in foal to Bird of Freedom. The mare by Din Godfrey is only seven years old, and is not only a nice square young mare, but also of Musket blood, and in foal to Bird of Freedom; whilst All Blue, by Radus (son of Hampton) out of Oxford Gem, by Rattle, by Rataphan, is in foal to Southill; and there is a mare by Thurio out of Fair Penitent that was never trained, but is quiet to ride, a good jumper, fast and sound, and covered by Bird of Freedom.

There are four foals, and two really good ones—the chestnut colt by Bird of Freedom out of Secret Treasure, very like his sire, and a well-grown, strong-made sort; and a bay colt by Glenwood out of Silverwing, a real smasher, with size, scope, length, and liberty, and a real galloping sort.

Among the yearlings the brown colt by Brag out of Half Inch is well-bred enough to win anything, and is also a racing-like sort, very like his sire; whilst the bay colt by Royal out of All Blue, although not a big one, is quite a nice sort, with a good back and loins. The best of the lot, and a really good yearling to boot, is the brown colt by Rightaway, son of Wisdom, out of Fair Penitent. This youngster has great power, good quality, and is certain to race.

There are three two year olds—a big, backward bay colt by Adieu (St. Simon and Farewell) out of Silverwing, that only wants time to make a good one; a chestnut filly by Southill out of the Dan Godfrey mare, with size, good looks, and scope, but also wanting time; and a brown filly by Glenwood out of Secret Treasure.

The three year olds include a brown colt by Bird of Freedom out of Queen of Holland, by Lowland Chief, and straining back to Thormanby, a well-grown, big-boned sort that is certain to make a great chaser; a well-bred mare by Adieu out of Coryphene, by Esterling, that has never run; an untied chestnut filly by Southill out of Fair Penitent; and a bay filly by The Baron, the best two year old of his year, out of Illuminata, by Kisher. There are three five year olds—a brown colt by Merry Hampton out of Grasshopper, by Kingcraft, a good hunter and quiet to ride; Petronella, by Lowland Chief out of Pavane, by Saraband, only a pony, but such a good one, winner of a steeplechase; and a black filly worth some money for a hack or charger.

Bird of Freedom's performances are of too recent a date to need repetition here, but he was a good staying race-horse, and is now a short-legged, big-boned sire, who with few chances has done uncommonly well. He is one of the very few direct representatives of Thormanby, being by Thuringian Prince, son of Thormanby, out of Vitule, by Arthur Wellesley, by Mellourne. Southill is by Sterling out of Too Late, by Landmark. He was a very speedy race-horse, and with few chances has sired many winners; moreover, he is a remarkably good-looking horse. Lastly, I was shown Royal, a beautifully-shaped horse, by Royal Hampton out of Silverwing (Touchstone and Birdcatcher), who is an altogether grand young sire, and has got some very promising stock.

This concluded my inspection of this very well-bred and well-done lot of bloodstock, and only confirmed the impression I have for a long time had that anything sold out of this stud, whatever its age and sex, is worth buying.

OUTPOST.



### PROTECTING TREES AGAINST GROUND GAME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will kindly inform me, through the medium of your columns, if you know of any reliable preservative for trees against ground game apart from netting them.—E. H. B.

[Netting is the greatest safeguard, but we fear if rabbits are very plentiful and permitted to run over the garden you will have many losses. Perhaps some reader will help our correspondent with advice. Strong close netting is our protection.—ED.]

### THE LOGAN BERRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice your remarks on page 655 re Logan berry, and I herewith send you an extract from a letter received from a gentleman of the highest repute in Shepton Mallet, and one of the best horticulturists of the day, who, speaking of this plant, says: "My plant gave its first fruits last year. Two shoots bore over 400 large berries, much larger than raspberries, sixty of which made a pie sufficient for four persons, and the flavour was delicious."—AMOS PERRY, Hardy Plant Farm, Winchmore Hill.

### NEAT CART FOR TWO PONIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I forward a photograph taken lately by Mrs. Mounsey, of Auckland, which illustrates how light, and yet comfortable, pony traps are now built. This dog-cart weighs under 3cwt., and is as durable and comfortable as it is light. I



have a single harness trap which weighs 1½ cwt. The ponies are 11h. 3in., pure Welsh mountain, the off side a roan chestnut, Primrose, her sire the famous Steel Grey Flyer. She was bred by Mr. Miller, Forest Lodge, Brecon, and is nearly a perfect type of her breed, with marvellous action. Muggins, the near side chestnut, is one of the cleverest ponies I have ever handled, and steps beautifully with Primrose. Many people think such a small pair are mere "useless toys." I should very much like to drive them for twenty miles against, say, Mr. Godsell's famous pair of 15h. 3in. prize-winners. I know the "useless toys" would be going fit and free at the end, while Lord Bath and his match would be toiling and rolling in the far distance. No day is too long for these Welsh mountain ponies, and their action, being natural, never changes or goes down, as it invariably does with Hackneys. Very fast they are, too. My 12h. 2in. Lucifer can do a mile in 2min. 45sec., stepping to his eyes, and his 13h. sister Pief goes quite as fast.—MARIANNE ANDERSON.

#### STRAWBERRIES IN CASKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been interested by the accounts of strawberries grown in casks, but unfortunately I have not kept the back numbers of COUNTRY LIFE. Can you or "H. A. P." kindly inform me what is the best size of barrel, the size of the holes that should be made, and of the intervals between them? Should the soil be tightly pressed down, or the cask merely filled, and the soil allowed to settle? Which variety of strawberry do you recommend for such culture?—A. K.

[The barrels I used were the ordinary petroleum ones, and the holes were about 5in. to 6in. in diameter, six holes in a tier, and three tiers. The soil should be well firmed, and only fibrous turf (chopped up) used. To ensure drainage I made half-a-dozen holes in the bottom of the barrel, and covered lightly with rough crocks. Royal Sovereign and President were the varieties planted, but next year I am going to grow several barrels of the Alpine strawberry St. Joseph, but in the treatment of this variety I shall not have the holes so large, and more of them.—H. A. P.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

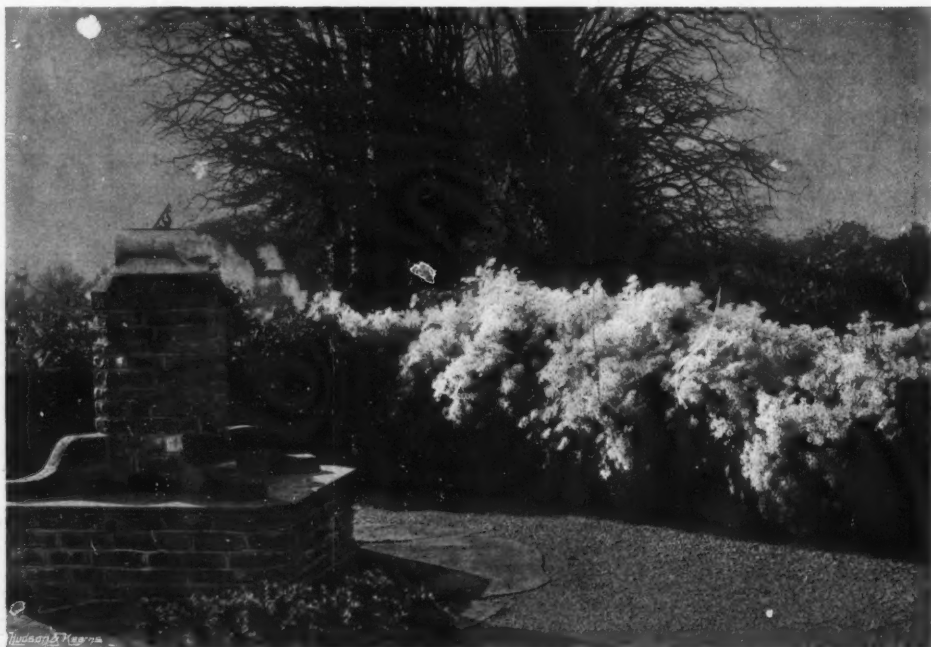
SIR,—I have been much interested in "H. A. P.'s" letter, in your issue for November 11th, as to his successful culture of strawberries in barrels. I made an attempt to grow them in the same manner after reading the account in COUNTRY LIFE referred to by "H. A. P." I only experimented with one barrel, and the result was not altogether satisfactory, though this was partly owing to some of the plants being blind ones. I should like to know how "H. A. P." managed the drainage of the barrel. Did he find the holes in which the strawberries were planted sufficient? I found that the earth got too wet in parts, and not enough so in others. If "H. A. P." could give a little information on this point he would greatly oblige. The economy in space in a small garden makes this method of growing very desirable.—A. MONTGOMERY.

[I found that holes in the bottom of the barrel covered lightly with crocks resulted in good drainage. Of course, it would never do to let them get thoroughly dry, or it would be difficult to saturate them after. My six barrels were a perfect success, not a plant being a failure, and right through the excessive dry summer they were pictures of freshness. This was, of course, due to their being never once neglected in the matter of watering. If I remember rightly, your previous correspondent advocated a drain-pipe down the centre, but I think this a mistake if the plants are to remain three or four years in the barrel; they will require all the soil that the barrel can contain.—H. A. P.]

#### THE SWEET-SCENTED VIRGIN'S BOWER IN SEED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of Clematis flammula in seed. This creeper is cut down to the ground each December, and, growing up, throws itself over the low yew hedge, as shown in the photograph. It flowered profusely towards the beginning of August, and now, two months later, it looks like a white w772 of feathery foam.—VIOLET L. HENDERSON.



#### HUNTING FROM FARNHAM AND NEWBURY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if you would kindly, through the columns of COUNTRY LIFE, inform me what kind of hunting country there is in the districts of Farnham and Newbury respectively. I want to find an easy country for a lady to ride to hounds who is a light-weight, but cannot afford first-rate hunters, such as would be required for the crack countries. Will you tell me what you can of the two districts named, what kind of fences, and if difficult ones abound; also whether there are many steep hills to ride up and down. Any information bearing on the subject will be very gratefully read. The reason I fix on these two districts is because it seems easy to find a house in either.—KENT.

[From Farnham the following hunts can be reached: the Chiddingfold, the "H. H.," and Mr. Garth's. Though Farnham is actually in the Chiddingfold territory, it stands near the junction of the above hunts. The fences in all these hunts are mostly bank and ditch, and trappy rather than difficult. A well-bred, short-legged horse that has been well schooled is needed. From Newbury the Craven is the nearest hunt, but the South Berks could be reached sometimes. The Craven country has much open down land, and is decidedly easy to ride over. It is a cold scenting country, but the hounds are very good, and the whole establishment conducted on sportsmanlike lines. A well-bred horse, clever and active for the banks and ditches which make up the chief fencing, is desirable, as hounds run very fast indeed over the open downs at times. Of the two Newbury is much the more suitable for your purpose, and it would be better to get a house on the Walcot or Kintbury side. The kennels are at Walcot, and hounds naturally draw in that direction in the afternoon. Farnham necessitates rather long rides to and from covert, and it would be necessary to subscribe to two or perhaps three packs to make out the week's hunting. There are, of course, some hills in both countries, and more in the Newbury than the Farnham country, but they present no serious difficulties if the horse is well-bred, temperate, and has good shoulders. Neither country demands an expensive animal, but it is as well, of course, to have as good a horse as possible whenever you can.—ED.]

#### EPIDEMIC OF SCARLET FEVER, ETC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if you would allow me to refer to a paragraph which appeared in your paper of for November 25th, to the effect that "in the district of Chorley an extraordinary epidemic of scarlet fever and typhoid fever prevailed." In the public mind, the borough itself is included in your sweeping condemnation. The statement has naturally caused some alarm, and is calculated to injure the town itself, which is at the present time almost entirely free from both the fevers mentioned. If you will do me the honour to publish the accompanying report of our Medical Officer of Health on the subject, the actual state of affairs, so far as the borough is concerned, will be made clear.—JNO. MILLS, Town Clerk.

[We regret that we cannot find space for the Medical Officer's report, which is eminently satisfactory. But we must point out that the whole of our observations were directed to the absence of sanitary conditions in villages, and that they referred not to the borough, but to the district.—ED.]

#### AN AMERICANISM?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am both amused and provoked in reading in your issue of October 28th, in a paragraph on page 515, a rather slurring sentence, in which the Americans are accused of using the word "lifted" in connection with the attempted capture of the America's Cup. As a matter of fact, the word was never heard of here in this connection until Sir Thomas Lipton used it in one of his earlier speeches or interviews. After some remarks about the use of the word, and a joke or two about it, the papers fell into the habit of using it, at first with quotation marks, but afterwards without them. The use of the word in this connection seemed as strange to us as it seems so to you, but really we are not to blame. Where you get your information about happenings, etc., in this country I often wonder.—GEORGE S. SILSBEE, Boston.

[With all due respect, we believe our correspondent to be wrong. At the time of the Valkyrie and Defender races, this use of "lift" and "lifted" was common in the New York papers. But in Boston we believe the English to be better than in New York.—ED.]